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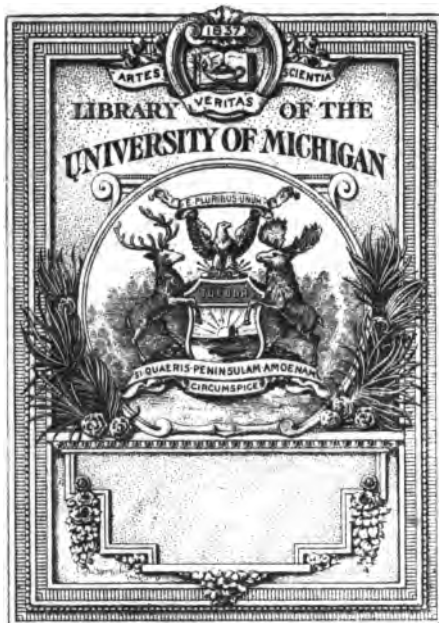
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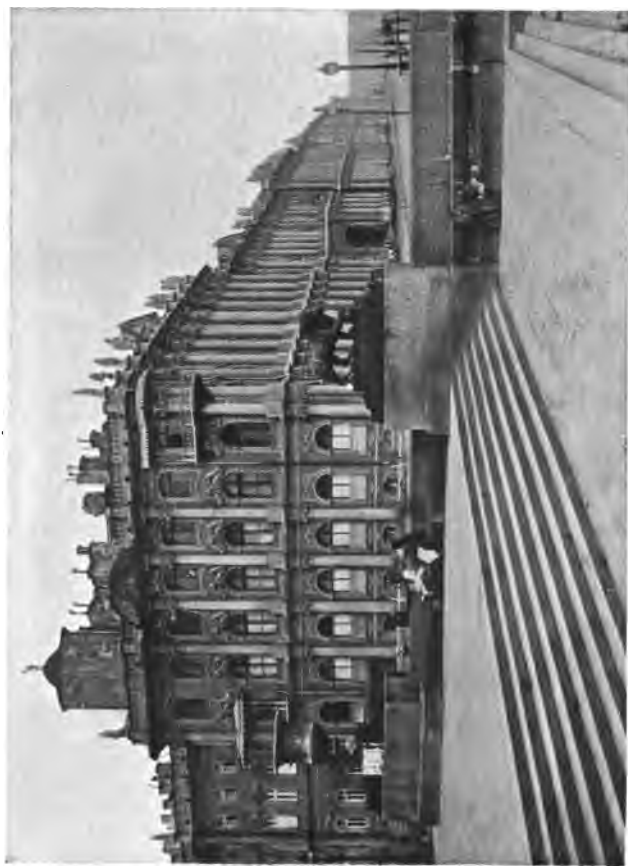
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THE WINTER PALACE.

# THE COURT OF ALEXANDER III

LETTERS OF MRS. LOTHROP, *Amelia*  
WIFE OF THE LATE  
HONORABLE GEORGE VAN NESS LOTHROP  
FORMER MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY  
OF THE UNITED STATES TO RUSSIA

EDITED BY  
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"CIVIC CHRISTIANITY," "THE STATE AND THE CHURCH," ETC.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IN the spring of the year 1885 President Cleveland appointed the late George Van Ness Lothrop, of Detroit, Michigan, to the position of Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Russia. Shortly after his acceptance of the appointment Mr. Lothrop and his wife and daughters sailed for England, and proceeded to St. Petersburg. Here they resided, with intervals of vacation, for more than three years. Mrs. Lothrop, upon her arrival on Russian soil, began to write to members of her family letters descriptive of the persons and things she saw with the simple idea of giving information to her correspondents. However, when she returned home she was informed that her letters had been read by, or to, her immediate friends; and they kindly suggested that she ought to collect and publish them. She hesitated to do this, but thought their publication might give pleasure to her

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

grandchildren. Accordingly many of the letters were gathered together, and Mrs. Lothrop undertook to edit them and have them published for private distribution. Ill health, however, prevented her from carrying this project into effect and nothing was done except to arrange the letters in packages according to their respective dates.

Some time after Mrs. Lothrop's death (which occurred in the year 1894), her letters came into my possession, but it was not until recently that I read them critically, and perceived how useful they might be in suggesting to the student of Russian affairs one of the subtle causes that impelled the Empire of the Tsars to the crisis through which it is (even now) passing. The descriptions of persons and events were so intermingled with matters of family interest, it was difficult to separate them; and it was only, after they had been separated, that the value of the letters appeared.

It seems to me, also, that the kindly and sympathetic manner in which Mrs. Lothrop has spoken of the late Emperor Alexander III, the Empress-dowager, and the Russian

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

people generally, will help to dissipate some unfortunate misunderstandings, and clear a way for the renewal of the historic friendship that existed so long between Russia and the United States; which certainly is an end greatly to be desired.

WILLIAM PRALL.

August 1st, 1909.



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Winter Palace . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

The Emperor . . . . . 70

The Empress . . . . . 142

George Van Ness Lothrop . . . . . 190



## THE COURT OF ALEXANDER III

ST. PETERSBURG, *Aug. 1st, 1885.*

I have not written one word since coming here until yesterday. I will try to write a family letter and will direct it to you so that you may read it to those who are in town, and then send it to Grosse Pointe.

We left Berlin on Friday morning in company with Mr.<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Taft and daughter. Mr. Taft had been ill, and had been to Salzbrunn for his health. He had Robert, the chasseur of the legation, with him, and it was pleasant for us to come on with the Tafts, as we know nothing of the Russian or of the German languages, and the country is strange to us. We reached the frontier on Friday at midnight, where we made a long stay. All the notices and

<sup>1</sup> Alphonso Taft, the retiring American minister and father of President Taft.

the signs are in Russian since then, the letters of which are not at all like ours. You cannot tell how exasperating it is to be unable to distinguish a word, or even a letter. We reached St. Petersburg Saturday evening, a little after nine o'clock. The sun set a quarter before nine, but it was light. The moon was bright, but daylight was in the sky all night.

Persons of distinction are so often received at the railway station that handsome rooms are set apart for them, into one of which our party was shown, and there we met Mr. Wurts, Secretary of our Legation.

When we went to take a carriage I saw an equipage with four handsome horses harnessed abreast. Our carriage (I found out three or four days afterwards it was *our* carriage) is a large landau, drawn by two beautiful black stallions, with skins like satin. They are very intelligent and require no whip; in fact, none of the horses here are driven with one, which is a pleasant contrast to Paris and Rome, where the sound of the whip is incessant. They do not use blinders, a most humane custom.



The harness is black, rather light in weight and studded with brass knobs. We dashed through the streets faster than I ever went before. The coachman appears to have a great feeling of indifference to all the world. If a droshky or other vehicle, or anybody, is in the way, he shouts to the people to make way for him; and they do. I suppose he would not expect this of a fine carriage. Our coachman looks like an immense man, but divested of his professional robes, he is small. His cap or hat is a furry black beaver, round and large at the top, sloping down to the head, with broad brims curving upward, a gold band around about, and a cockade in front. His robe, of heavy dark blue cloth, is so long its train sweeps the ground. It is trimmed with three bands of gold braid and has many plaits at the back of the waist, and a narrow girdle of colored oriental-looking stuff. This is the general style of a coachman's dress. Most are without gold braid, and many are very shabby. Our Jehu is magnificent.

The carriage and horses are kept in rooms off the court. When they come in, the

#### 4 THE COURT OF ALEXANDER III

coachman's wife takes off the reins and unbuckles the harness, which her husband, (having shed his robes), takes off the horses. She then takes them into the stable. I do not know who grooms them so well.

Our apartment is small, and the rooms low, furnished I am happy to say, as I should very much deplore having to furnish an apartment here. The ground floor is used for the legation, and has a room for the chasseur. The entrance is pleasant; the stairs are easy, of marble, and are carpeted. There is a porter or Swiss in a long coat down to his heels, who sees every one, who comes in, and who goes out. He attends also to all messages. Our landlady lights the halls and takes care of them, and she pays most of the porter's wages.

*Aug. 23rd, 1885.*

I feel dreadfully discouraged about writing letters; I am so often interrupted. I should be astounded to write ten or, even five, minutes consecutively. I write to tell you of our presentation to the Empress, thinking it will interest you.

We were not presented sooner because, as our dresses had not arrived, we had made no application; and, then their Majesties went to Finland. We were first told the audience would be at 12 noon, then it was changed to 11 a. m., as they were to receive that day six hundred and thirty young officers, who had just received their commissions. We had to rise about half past six to be ready to take the train for Peterhof at 8:20 a. m. I wore a light yellowish satin with darker figures, <sup>1</sup> A. a light greenish silk and H. a white striped and watered silk, trimmed with dotted lace. When we reached the station we drove to a private entrance, from which we stepped immediately into a fine room where we met Prince Soltikoff and M. Knorring, directors of ceremonies. To be a Prince in Russia is nothing, that is, it does not necessarily confer any distinction upon the bearer of the title. Prince Soltikoff is of a great family, and of high rank, and was dressed in a

<sup>1</sup> "A" stands for Mrs. Lothrop's daughter Anne subsequently the Baroness von Hoyningen Huene. "H" for her daughter Helen, subsequently Mrs. Prall.

## 6 THE COURT OF ALEXANDER III

splendid uniform with several decorations; and, best of all for us, speaks English. I do not know M. Knorring's title; he was gorgeous, had fourteen decorations (so H. says) and speaks only French. We were put into a railway compartment by ourselves and had a pleasant journey, the day being perfect.

When we reached Peterhof, we went from the platform into a tent of red and white striped stuff which opened into the imperial waiting rooms. These are very pretty; not like our sleeping car magnificence. Wood floors, furniture covered with cretonne, lace curtains, fire-place filled with plants, and pictures of the imperial family on the walls, made things look bright and cheerful. We saw lots of carriages with coachmen and footmen in imperial liveries. I should think there were carriages enough to take the six hundred and thirty young officers, besides ourselves. With the assistance of bows from several obsequious servants, we entered a carriage and started for the palace, the young officers gazing at the foreigners. When we reached

the great palace, there was another crowd of liveried servants, so we were able to mount a flight of stairs, and, finding servants at the door of a large apartment, succeeded in getting in. One servant we noticed had a long scarlet robe reaching to his feet, with a cape trimmed with gold braid, having the imperial arms of black and white with a little red, two or three inches apart, woven in the braid. All the servants had their liveries trimmed with this. One that delighted our hearts, had a close flat-top cap, entirely covered with gold braid, and long ostrich plumes,—black, white, yellow and red, floating from it. I should say that wherever we went during the day, we found the Prince and M. Knorring, looking as if they had always been there. Servants, in white silk stockings, took off our wraps and left us for a few moments, then they returned with tea, coffee and biscuits. Thereupon came the Prince and M. Knorring and, after a little wait, the girls and I entered the carriage and were driven about a mile through the park to the small palace near the sea where the imperial

## 8 THE COURT OF ALEXANDER III

family lives. Here we found more gorgeous retainers who stood about as we walked across a strip of crimson carpet into the hall, where were several ladies and gentlemen; then we went into a small parlor, where we were presented to the Princess Kotchoubey, the Grande Maitresse of the Court, and waited. There was a Princess Troubetzkoy, who has a wide celebrity, who was waiting to be presented; she was very fine, and sat up straight as if she had been made of iron. Finally the Prince summoned us, opened the door of the audience room, and announced us. The room was rather small, not at all magnificent, but cheerful and pretty.

At the end, in a line from the door, stood the Empress.<sup>1</sup> She is not large, looks very young, has dark hair and fine eyes, and is very attractive in appearance. She was dressed in a red foulard silk with small white dots, which was fastened with a simple brooch. We courtesied at the door, and advanced to her, took her ungloved hand with ours with gloves off, and she drew a

<sup>1</sup> Marie Féodorowna (Dagmar), wife of Alexander III.

chair (a large one) for me, asking me to sit down, and pointed to chairs for A. and H. We talked with her, entirely at our ease, about our journey and various topics. When she asked me about our journey, and I told her we had been in London, she asked: "Did you meet my sister?" She said she had heard the girls had several brothers who were lawyers, talked of going home, and of her delight at meeting her family, was afraid her sister-in-law (Queen of Greece) would not be able to go, spoke of her boy (that is of the Queen) being with her father and mother. She was so cordial, simple and sweet, I do not wonder her people are enthusiastic about her. We stayed about a quarter of an hour, then she rose, gave us her hand, and we backed out. Then the Princess Kotchoubey gave us her hand, as a signal to go, and we left. In the hall, I saw a little girl coming in from her walk with an attendant, but passed on. The Prince said to the girls: "There is the Grand Duchess Olga," and they saw a mite of two or three years old. She put up her little hand for us to shake, and A. said,

"What a dear little thing." Perhaps she was too friendly, but if so, her crime of *lèse majesté* was evidently not unpardonable. The Prince ordered that we should be driven all about the park, which is beautiful and has lovely fountains, some of which were playing. On arriving at the great palace we reached our room, where we found a table laid out with luncheon. The company, five in number, sat down, but first we went to a side-table where we tried caviar and brown bread, which I found very good. Soon after luncheon we left to take the train. The Prince handed us into our carriage, and our horses dashed on.

The young officers had an audience and a breakfast, a benediction and a hymn. The reason I know all this is because we saw carriages passing the palace, after we had had our luncheon, filled with men and boys in red and gold. The Prince said they were singers from the church.

Yesterday morning while the girls and I were driving the Emperor and Empress passed in an inconspicuous carriage. He wore the customary grey long cloak and



cap, with red trimmings, such as the officers usually wear; she a grey dress and a light bonnet. They had come, in their yacht, from Peterhof, and went to the church of Our Lady of Kazan for a special service, as they leave to-day for Austria. She bowed very graciously towards us.

*Sept. 5th, 1885.*

On Saturday, the 29th of August, we went on a little excursion to Finland, which we enjoyed very much. Mr. Wurts and Mr. Thornton, son of the English Ambassador, went, and Mr. Thornton took us to the house of a fishing club of which he is a member. We left at 8 in the morning and reached there at 8 in the evening. We went by rail to Willmannstrand, then by boat to Hawaka Niski (Magpie Point) where the club is. Lake Saima, to which we went, is a beautiful lake two or three hundred miles long, narrow, winding, and full of pretty islands. Mr. Wurts took his butler, and we took hampers, so it was a sort of picnic. The club house is on a little point somewhat elevated, but on the water. At this

point, the river Wauchsa (called Voxa), the outlet of the lake, goes off in rapids. The members of the club lease the water at the club house and at one or two other places, and they take fine fish, salmon trout, weighing sometimes twenty-four pounds, but generally they are much smaller. Mr. Thornton is a most enthusiastic fisherman, and went out early and late. The walks through the forest on the banks of the river are delightful, and the air so fine, we enjoyed ourselves wonderfully.

Sunday afternoon we went to the falls of Imatra, about four miles away. I wish you could have seen us start in our little carts, with rats of ponies, ropes for reins, and the whole turnout most primitive. We had to cross a ferry, so our horses were unharnessed, and they, the wagons and ourselves were taken across in a big row boat, rowed by two men with the longest oars imaginable. The river Wauchsa is very beautiful, wide, full of rapids, and at Imatra is contracted into a narrow gorge between granite sides. It is not a perpendicular fall, but the descent is very great; for one-third of a mile

the water is churned into foam. The next day we went to see the rapids of Vallinoffsky, almost as beautiful as those of Imatra. The country is hilly, with many forests and fields, and the roads are very good. We were favored with fine weather. The Finns are Lutherans, and are, I hear, a quiet, peaceful people. They are poor, frugal, industrious and honest. Although the soil is good, the season is so short, farming must be discouraging. Most of the potato fields were already blackened by frost, entailing a great loss. They were harvesting oats. A sheaf of oats is not much larger than a good sized bouquet. They stick poles, with pegs in them, into the ground, on which they dry their hay. The oats are put on frames, and they have many outbuildings where they dry their grain with a fire. We saw smoke coming from many doors and windows. On Wednesday at 8 in the morning we drove again to Imatra, where we took the quaintest old omnibus, like a railway carriage, with three horses abreast, and drove twenty-four miles to a place where we lunched, and then took a boat for Vibourg,

about five hours away. This was a delightful excursion; there were several lakes, connected by canals, and the shores, islands and all were very pretty. We dined at Vibourg, leaving for Petersburg at 7:15, and were at home just before midnight.

*Sept. 11th, 1885.*

I begin to like Petersburg better but still I have uncomfortable misgivings about my housekeeping. It is most inconvenient not to be able to talk to one's butler and some of the other servants.

I write now to tell you of a ceremony we attended to-day while it is fresh in my mind. It seems that the Russians celebrate the Saint's day after whom they are named, instead of the day of birth, and Alexander Nevsky is the patron saint of the Emperor. I heard a history of the saint of which you may believe as much as you like. He was a grand duke who was instrumental in defeating the Swedes, and had been somewhat forgotten. When his body was discovered, it burst into flames and consumed his coffin. Thereupon they had a magnificent silver

sarcophagus made, and his bones were put therein, since which time persons have been healed by touching it. The church of St. Alexander is very rich, with an income of a million of roubles (or dollars I forget which) ; it has large grounds, in which is the residence of the Metropolitan. The Emperor is the head of the Russian Church; there is no Patriarch. This Metropolitan, a feeble old man, short and stout, is driven in a four-in-hand, and always has a cross carried before him. The gentlemen invited to the ceremony were requested to go in uniform, so your father wore evening dress, which is the absurd costume of the American minister on gala occasions. He went with Mr. Wurts in the latter's carriage; A., H., and I in ours.

The church is a half hour's drive from here, and for half the way there was a crowd of people on the sidewalks to see the passing. As we neared the church there were many mounted officers to keep the way clear. It rained a little at first, but afterwards the weather was pleasant. At the door were a crowd of priests waiting, I sup-

pose, for the grand dukes and duchesses. We walked through the crowd, then through a long corridor, lined with gorgeous officers, stopping an instant to shake hands with Prince Soltikoff. Then into the church (which is very large), and up to the very end next to the chancel. The transept on one side of the chancel was for the imperial family, on the other, for the diplomatic corps. I had supposed that, your father being a minister and not an ambassador, we would have positions in the rear. But, as there were no ambassadresses present, and no other minister's wives—they are nearly all out of town—I had the pleasure of standing in front. The spectacle was superb. The Emperor and Empress were out of town, but the grand dukes and duchesses were there. The ladies were dressed in white silk or satin, with white bonnets and many decorations, most, or all, with the broad scarlet ribbons of St. Catherine, and jewels. In the same transept were the high officials of the government in great splendor. On our side, the ambassadors and ministers had uniforms covered

with gold embroidery and many decorations. Baron Gasser, the Bavarian minister, stood next to me in a scarlet coat and white trousers with decorations on his coat—one mass of gold embroidery, and made a fine appearance.

I do not know how to describe the dresses of the priests, they were so magnificent. Many had white robes of silk or satin, which were almost entirely covered by their other garments. The outer garments, copes, coming high on the neck, were of dark crimson velvet, stiff with gold embroidery, and stones, which looked like precious stones. Many priests were tall, good looking men, and all wore long hair and beards. The acolytes, who held the candles, banners, etc., were dressed in some yellow and gold stuffs. The Metropolitan wore a rose-pink silk garment with gold figures, and a white crown full of jewels. The body of the church was (as far as we could see), filled with officers; on one side was the guard of the Empress in white, on the other a group of officers in superb uniforms. There may have been people in plain dress

back of them, but I did not see any. In the Russian churches there is a sanctuary behind the altar, which has great doors of carved wood, gilded, as I suppose. Into this sanctuary no woman, not even the Empress, may enter; but every man can. When we were at the sanctuary door of the cathedral of St. Isaac, your father went in; and Robert, the *chasseur*, after taking off his sword, followed him. A priest beckoned to me to look in, and the thought what would be done if I were to enter, crossed my mind. I have since read that, in such a case, the church would have to be reconsecrated.

But to return, imagine every one in position, with all the magnificence that this country can give to a spectacle! The chancel is large; on one side was a choir of men and boys, in robes of crimson cloth; on the other, one with blue robes, trimmed with gold. They have no organs in Russia, but the singing was most beautiful. The boys' voices were high soprano, and rich contralto. The men's beautiful tenor and deep bass, like the tones of an organ. We stood



(no one sits in the Greek Church) for two hours, and it seemed as if the singing was going on half the time. There was not one mistake; it was the softest, sweetest harmony; then the fullest and richest, the perfection of singing. In making the responses, the music dies away in a long, sweet diminuendo, which seems beyond the power of the human throat to produce. Near the end of the service the doors of the sanctuary were closed, a red curtain was drawn from behind, and I thought all was finished, as the priests and acolytes had retired. They then sang something angelic, and the doors were swung open again. The Metropolitan was most of the time, with many of the clergy, beyond the doors.

It would weary you if I should attempt to describe the incessant bowings, crossings and prostrations that priests and people went through. Everyone was incensed many times. One especial feature was two triune candle-sticks, three candles, several inches apart, on the same candle-stick, burning with one flame. The Metropolitan would take one in each hand and wave

them to people at the right, at the left, in front, and then would cross them. This was repeated several times. Many of the priests had wonderful voices too. After it was ended several priests went to the imperial family, carrying two icons (large pictures, with all but the faces and hands covered with gold and jewels) which they, the imperial family, kissed, crossing themselves and bowing. The priests then formed a procession and carried three icons and some banners, through the streets, to the church of Our Lady of Kazan, a mile or two away. The streets were lined with crowds of people.

This afternoon we went to the Champ de Mars to see the masses. There was a large building, put up for a sort of theater, and in it were jugglers, merry-go-rounds, and various things to amuse the people. There were great samovars, and many people were drinking tea and eating bread and cakes. Fruits were offered for sale, also large pictures commemorating Saint Alexander's prowess. The crowd was quiet and good-

natured, and will, I am told, be intoxicated in the night, i. e., the male portion of it will.

*Sept. 22nd, 1885.*

It is suprising to hear of the numbers of servants employed in St. Petersburg. In a great house, such as the household of a grand duke, a building, quite as large as the palace itself, will be for the servants. Separated by a court, it often fronts on the same street. I suppose in many cases, the building is not only for menials but for the under-officers of the household as well. I am told that it is the custom to have a crowd of hangers-on, families of old servants, and relatives of those employed, etc.; so there gets to be a small army lodged and fed at the master's expense.

The appearance of a city, built like this, is in many ways different from ours. Here there are no alleys but houses are built around a court. Many people live underground so there are fewer poor buildings; and many more live in a house than one would suppose. Mr. Wurts said that Mr.

Taft's coachman did not like his lodgings; so he went to see them. Under the ground floor was a room, I think, he said about twelve feet square. In this lived eight people.

Here the legation rooms are on the ground floor, and below them there are rooms for the coachman and his wife, dvorniks, and moujiks. I have never been in their rooms. I am told that many Russians care very little for beds, that they will sleep on a sofa—anywhere. But all the people bathe at least once a week; it is a sort of religious obligation.

There is a dvornik sitting in front of a house both night and day. I hear they are a sort of police, and keep track of all who go in and out, and make weekly reports to the police. I do not suppose it would be possible for a person to come into Petersburg and remain twelve hours without being called upon for a passport. They have, in the legation, a good deal of trouble with passports; a man will sometimes have a passport in which his wife's name is not mentioned. Every hotel keeper is obliged to

show his guests' passports to the police, for if they have no passport the publicans are liable to be fined for harboring them. What makes me think of this is that there is a gentleman, down stairs, who forgot or neglected to have his wife's name put in his passport, and now the question arises; how did she get into Russia? Another one neglected to have the name of his daughter's French maid inserted, and when he tried to get a passport for her it was found that she was born in Alsace!

I have noticed that the common people have on their sheepskins. They do not look very peculiar; the skin, which is worn outside, looks much like brown cloth. The waist and sleeves fit tight. The skirt is full on the waist, and is quite long. I never saw anything like the long cloaks that are worn in Russia: many cloaks of the officers touch the ground. Then it seems to be the custom for men to wear boots to their knees, and have them wrinkled artistically round about the ankle.

*Sept. 27th, 1885.*

The weather is getting cold, and we have much rain; just think what the days will be when the light lasts only from ten in the morning to two in the afternoon! To be obliged to dress and live with candles and lamps will be depressing! It is the custom to use gas only in the halls and kitchens.

I am to have a dinner party this week, and rather dread it, particularly as my things from Briggs have not come, and I am not quite sure I have dishes enough. We do not like our apartment although there are some pleasant things about it. Did I tell you we found one on the quay, the very place of all others where we wish to live, but did not take it, as we could not get rid of this one?

I think an account of a drive that we took yesterday might interest you. We drove first to the Tauride palace.<sup>1</sup> It was a gift of the great Catherine to her favorite, Potemkin. It shows both what magnificent ideas she had, and what it was to be her favorite. The streets all about are lined

<sup>1</sup> Now the palace of the Duma.

with barracks; it seems incredible there could be a need for as many as one sees. The palace is falling into decay, as it would cost too much to put it in order, and no one of the imperial family cares to live in it. The great hall is wonderful; from two to three hundred feet long, high and vast, with large pillars. It had been handsomely decorated, but the plaster has fallen, and it looks ruinous. The chandeliers are like great hoops. There are still thousands of candles in them. Back of this hall, opening out of it, is the winter garden, an enormous place, all windows. I do not dare to say how large I think it is, you would not believe me. Then there are great wings with enormous rooms, in some of which we found handsome furniture. In one wing the Empress maintains poor gentlewomen. These have their servants and live handsomely. We did not of course go into their apartments. Back of the palace lies the park, the prettiest one I have seen here. Immediately behind is the lake, on which the Empress, and the court skate in the winter. The lawn is lovely, but this part of the

park is not open to the public. Potemkin must have kept up royal state.

We went afterwards to Smolna church, built by the wife of Alexander I. The church is large and handsome, the grounds are extensive. All around the church, with well kept grounds between, are fine buildings where daughters of the nobility are educated at the expense of the Emperor. The thing that surprises me is the vast scale on which everything is built: the houses, churches and all are immense, and generally very costly. On our way home, we went to the Preobrajensky church,—the church of the guards of that name. It does not look as if it belonged to the religion of peace. It was built after the war with Turkey. All about it cannon are planted, standing on their mouths. From these are great chains, festooned to make the enclosure, all brought from Turkey. Inside are hundreds of flags, keys of fortresses and curious arms, captured from the Turks. The uniforms of Nicholas and Alexander, who belonged to this regiment, are seen in glass cases.



On coming out we saw that a baby was to be baptized, and stayed for the ceremony. I suppose an imperial christening is one of the most magnificent ceremonies the Russians have. There are all degrees down to this one, where the parents were poor. At the back of the church, in a place almost screened off by pillars, stood the font on a low wooden stand. The font was of brass, having about it sockets for candles, the size of lead pencils, the kind the poor offer at a shrine. A woman, holding a baby, and the godfather and godmother were all the party. A venerable looking old priest came in, with an assistant, and read the services; a man having just before put warm water in the bowl of the font. After a great deal of reading, which he did very fast, he changed his vestment, then he took a little brush out of a bottle of holy oil, offered by the assistant, and made a cross on the water, and stirred it to see if the temperature was right, then he read more prayers, then made another cross. Then the nurse opened the blanket and he anointed the child on the forehead, temples,

over the eyes, on the palms of the hands, on the wrists and breast, and on the soles of the feet. The godfather and godmother held lighted candles all the time. Then a procession, three times around the font of all the party took place, then followed more prayers, then another anointing. Then the priest took the little baby (it was perhaps a week old) and, covering its nose and mouth with his hand, plunged it face downward three times in the bowl, then the godmother took it on something she held ready. Then there was another anointing; then the priest sponged the face and head; afterwards he gave the father something, about as large as a dollar; a piece of paper I suppose. The priest then took a small pair of shears and cut the hair from the baby's head in the form of a cross, and, at every snip, put the hair in the paper which the godfather folded and threw into the water. He had a hard time to get any hair as the little head was bald, but he went through the motions. Then more prayers followed; then the priest took a silver cross, kissed it and gave it to the godparents to kiss, and

then laid it on the baby's face; and it was over. The sexton seized the candles and plunged them in the water so quickly I do not believe one drop of tallow was wasted. Your father put some money into the little fellow's blanket, but he seemed as indifferent to the fact as he had been to his having been made a Christian.

*Oct. 3rd, 1885.*

I think I said that the Thorntons had been so kind I should like to have them dine with us before they leave for Constantinople, so we have fixed upon to-morrow, as they leave either Tuesday or Wednesday. Our glass and china have not come, and we shall not make a good appearance.

We went to our first opera Wednesday. The house is very large; there are six tiers of galleries—many of them boxes, the lowest being but little above the parquet. In the center, opposite the stage, is the imperial box. I am told it is never occupied except on grand state occasions; that their majesties prefer a box on the lowest tier, near the stage. Robert got our box next the im-

perial one—why I do not know—I think he has ambitious views for Amerikansky. The opera was Russian, by Glinka; in fact there is to be none but Russian opera here this winter. The story is of a peasant who sacrificed his life to warn the Tsar of danger, and mislead his enemies—scene long ago. The story was sad, and a good deal of the music was also sad; I believe it is called “A Life for the Tsar.” I thought the music was excellent, and hope to hear it again. One scene in the beginning was very brilliant; the corps de ballet danced the Polonaise, Mazurka and other Polish and Russian dances. The dresses were rich, the orchestra was splendid, and the effect charming. They have, I am told, a wonderfully fine ballet. They perform Sunday and Wednesday evenings. People act as if they never imagined anyone could object to going to places of amusement on Sunday night. We were invited, when we first came, to Krasnoe Selo to see some races on Sunday afternoon. The officers rode their own horses. The Emperor, the

Empress and all the court were there, and I hear it was a very brilliant affair.

I suppose we shall hardly know any Russians, as I have heard they do not care for foreigners, least of all for Americans. I hear there are about 100 persons in the corps diplomatique, and certainly they will furnish society enough. Your father and I went to a dinner at Chevalier Stoetwegen's, minister from Holland. There were fourteen persons; and the dinner was handsome, and well served. I went out with Count Dubois, also a Hollander, who speaks no English. He talked French to me; I talked English to him, and now and then a few words of French, depending a great deal on M. de Stoetwegen who sat on the other side.

We have said that we would be at home on Saturday, and people have come without waiting for a formal announcement of a day. Yesterday there were Count Yorck de Wartemburg, Baron Gagern and Signor de las Llanas who did not speak one word of English. Everybody talks French, and

many talk English. Countess Dubois who is Dutch, talks besides her national tongue, English, French, German, and several other languages.

Speaking of the dinner last night, it seemed stupid for all the men to go off and play cards, leaving the ladies. Of course the American minister does not play cards. It seemed strange, also, not to have any dressing room. This is universal in Europe. One's *chasseur* or footman goes into the hall and helps you off with your things; then, without any chance to look at yourself, you walk upstairs to the drawing room. For evening it is *de rigueur* to have a crush hat; no man but the master of the house can be without one; and he must not go without it if he has an imperial person as his guest, as by this he shows it is not his house for the time being, but that it belongs to his guest.

Oct. 7th, 1885.

Since writing you last H. has been ill. She was attacked with a sore throat a week

or ten days ago, and we hoped the remedies we could apply would relieve her, but we had to send for a physician. I wrote you we had invited Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, the two Misses Thornton and Mr. Thornton to dine, but when H.'s throat seemed so bad, I thought of giving the dinner up, but Dr. Rossi said she would be quite well in two or three days, so we went on with it. Of course my glass did not come, neither did the china, which was a great blow. In spite of this however the table looked well, with pink candles and shades, fruits, flowers, etc. Mr. Wurts lent us some things to help out. We had eighteen persons; Gen. Schweinitz, the German ambassador (his wife could not come), five of the Thorntons, the Danish minister, Gen. Kioer and two daughters (his wife is never well enough to dine out), Gen. Vlangaly, who takes the place of M. de Giers in his long absence, Mr. Baddeley, an Englishman, Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, Baron Gevers, Baron Wranccken, Mr. Wurts, and three of us. The din-

ner was a success, as our cook distinguished himself. Sir Edward leaves in a day or two for Turkey.

The English treat their ambassadors well; he has in Constantinople two palaces, one in town and one in the country, a steam launch, and, I hear, a larger salary than he has had here. His salary here was fifty thousand dollars a year. The English maintain a good deal of state everywhere, especially in Constantinople. Fancy the United States giving its representatives abroad any such sum!

I think I told you how the cracks in the windows are filled with putty; now appear cushions with raised edges, like carriage cushions, for the window sills. We are warned never to sit one moment in a room when a window is open, never, in the winter, to go to an open window to look out, *never*, at any time, to sleep with a window open in one's room, never to even step on the cold walks without goloshes, until I have a fear of the cold. Still they all prefer winter to summer, but take the greatest care to be well protected.



*Oct. 11th, 1885.*

I do not think I have ever told you the formalities of making a first visit. Of course the stranger makes the first. Your father went as soon as he came, and left his card and ours on all the ministers and their families in town, and has continued to do so as they have come back to Petersburg. These cards were speedily returned; then we went and asked to see the ladies. In case of the ambassadors, a note was addressed to them and their wives asking them when they would receive us. We went on the day appointed, and they returned the call the next day. When Mr. Wurts returns, he will ask an audience for me of the grand duchesses; they are now out of town. When the day is fixed I shall go, just as I did to be presented to the Empress. Countess de Dudzeele, the doyenne of the wives of the ministers, will take me after a while to present me to the ladies, wives of officials, ladies of honor, etc., about thirteen, to whom I must be presented. The minister asks also for an audience of the grand dukes.

By the way there is a new ukase which seriously affects the grand dukes. All the sons of grand dukes have, I understand, taken the title of grand duke, so there were a great many of them. After this, only a son or grandson of a Tsar is to have the title. I think the others will not be called imperial highnesses, and they will not receive the enormous fortunes that are now given to the grand dukes.

I never knew until lately, because I was not interested in the subject, what a difference is made between ambassadors and ministers. As our country sends an envoy no higher than a minister,<sup>1</sup> he ranks far below an ambassador. There are ambassadors here from England, France, Turkey, Austria and Italy; I think these are all. No doubt ignorant people think the United States stands far below these countries. Is it not a shame for the minister of the United States to send to the envoy from Turkey to request an audience? In the diplomatic corps the last comer is ranked below all the others; and, as the American minister

<sup>1</sup> This custom has fortunately now been changed.

cannot, as a rule, stay more than four years, and does not often stay so long, he is always below Servia, Japan, Wurtemberg and all the little countries that Uncle Sam could put in his pocket without any inconvenience. The United States would never pay their ambassadors enough to live upon, as the other countries do, so it is better, I suppose, not to have them. I cannot see, however, why we give our ministers not more than half enough to pay expenses. Would it not be better to abolish the offices? Perhaps I have told you this before; if not I feel relieved, and I shall not refer to this matter again.

*Oct. 12th, 1885.*

When we first came to Petersburg I felt as if I should be glad to go home at any time. Now I feel differently, and I think it would not be wise for ourselves, nor honorable to the government to stay only a little while. However, I do not lay plans, but try to do the best I can from day to day. Things do not seem as strange and as hard as they did when we came.

In speaking to General Schweinitz about not having my glass and china, he asked where they were coming from. When I told him the glass was made in Boston, he looked as surprised as if I had told him in the moon. He seemed to think handsome glass could not be made in America; then he thought we might have workmen from Bohemia. We got in Berlin some courses of plates and other things which are now, I think, in the custom house.

I had once or twice seen a coffin carried by on the street, but never a funeral of a well to do person until the other day. First were many people, I do not know who they were, all walking; then several priests, some carrying banners, some wreaths of white flowers; then came the funeral car, large, wide, flat and open, covered with black, and drawn by four horses with black coverings. The coffin was covered with white, and had many silver ornaments and flowers. Immediately after the car walked the family and the friends of the deceased. It is the custom to walk, even if the distance is long. Last summer when M. de Giers lost a

daughter, the family and friends walked a very long way through the dust on a hot day. All the members of the diplomatic corps who were in town were expected to be present.

Your father went to-day to call on M. de Giers, who has just returned. Several members of the diplomatic corps were waiting for an audience. They are all anxious and excited over the disturbed condition of affairs in the Balkan states. It is fortunate that we are off one side, and not particularly interested in the political agitations of Europe. It seems to be thought that a move of some kind will precipitate all the European nations in war; but why I write this I cannot tell, for you know much more than I do about the political situation; the Russian papers say little or nothing.

*Oct. 23rd, 1885.*

We have had rather cold weather this week; twenty-six degrees yesterday and to-day. There has been snow enough for sleighing. I did not imagine how quiet the city would seem. Generally there is an un-

ceasing rattle over the pavements, but now it is as still as the country. They do not use bells, so there is no noise. I hear that this snow has not come to stay but will soon melt. Until Lake Ladoga has ice, it is said, the cold has not come to stay.

We live such humdrum lives I really have nothing to write about. Did I ever tell you of "the sword?" I think not, so I will write you about it. It seems that when the Jeannette was lost in the Arctic Seas the Russians were very good to the survivors, and when Lieut. Schuetze of our navy was sent out to their relief he stayed five months with the Governor of Yakutsk. He has now been sent out by our government to reward the people who were instrumental in aiding the unfortunate Americans, and has gone up to that dreadful country for the winter. He dined with us in August, and told us much that was interesting about his former journey—about the exiles in Siberia—and said he should be gone about a year. He said he did not know Russian at that time, nor the Governor English, but

that he learned Russian so well he could enjoy the company of the Governor, and became much attached to him. When he reached St. Petersburg he heard of the Governor's death, and also that he left no wife nor child. He had brought clothing and supplies for the poor people, and a beautiful sword for the Governor. Our government had it made at Tiffany's, and suitably inscribed. Your father wrote asking for instructions, suggesting that it be sent to the Emperor to be placed in some collection, which thing the President ordered to be done. Yesterday your father wrote to M. de Giers placing the sword at the disposal of the Emperor.

I notice that telegrams "from Petersburg" in the papers say often that the Tsar lives in such constant fear that he has softening of the brain, and that he takes all sorts of precautions, etc. If this is so, there is nothing to make one suspect it. Mme. Schweinitz says she does not believe he knows what fear is, that some time ago, when there was so much said in the papers about the hor-

rible state of fear the Imperial family were in, they were living an idyllic life in one of their summer palaces at Gatchina.

*Nov. 5th, 1885.*

I told you about the sword in my last letter. M. de Giers wrote he would receive the sword between three and four this afternoon. As M. de Giers does not speak English, nor your father French very well, A. went, rather against her inclination. She would not have gone if it had been a formal affair. M. de Giers invited her, the first time he saw her, to go to the Foreign Office when her father went, as interpreter; but of course she would never have thought of going if Mr. Wurts had not been away on his vacation. M. de Giers was very gracious and admired the beautiful workmanship of the sword and A. said she felt like singing "*Voici le sabre*," etc. He gave her, in going out, his arm through all the rooms, saying he did not usually escort secretaries to the door—no, nor ambassadors either.

We went out yesterday in the rain to make a few visits; I will tell you about them.



First to Mme. von Schweinitz's who was out, then to see Madame Hanabusa, wife of the Japanese Minister. They are a small couple, very dark; he speaks English, she, a few words of French. She says two words, and then laughs to complete the sentence. I should think, from looking at their apartment, that Japan is a much greater country than the United States. The rooms are numerous, spacious and handsome. This funny little pair drive about with a chasseur in great style. Then we went to see Madame Due, wife of the Swedish Minister, a Russian lady, who speaks English very well. Then to see Countess de Dudzeele, wife of the Belgian Minister, doyenne of the wives of the ministers. She is an Austrian and very nice. She will take us Sunday afternoon to call on Mme. de Giers and Mme. la Baronne Jomini. Afterward we drove to the Hotel d'Europe to call on Mrs. Van Zandt and her daughter, who had left cards for us the day before. Then to see Countess Dubois d' Aische. Her husband is Secretary of the Belgian Legation; she is a native of Holland. I think

we climbed three flights of stairs to their apartments, which are very pretty.

*Nov. 11th, 1885.*

Our sombre weather continues, and every one hopes it will grow cold. As usual we have little going on; the town is very dull. We did go this week to breakfast with Mme. de Struve. She seems as settled as if she intended to remain here. She has a whole floor of a large house that looks on the outside like any business house. The apartment has twenty rooms, but it does not compare with one of our nice comfortable houses—at least I do not think it does.

We went to see a house on the quay belonging to Prince Vassiltchakoff, who is going to the Caucasus for two or three years to join his regiment. The princess, a handsome woman, was at home, and showed us about. The house is not perfection, but would suit us far better than anything we can find here—has a large bedroom on the first floor, and delightful rooms for the legation below. We should have it all to our-

selves, and in every way it is much better than the house we have now. This we do not think of keeping. We are going to try our best to let it at a sacrifice.

I wrote that the German Ambassador seemed to think we could not make handsome glass in America. He called Saturday and asked A. if the glass had come. We showed him some pieces, which he admired very much. There were several people who also admired them and were, I think, a little surprised to learn that they were made in America.

Our dinner was pleasant, all but paying for it. The way one does here is to decide on the menu; then the cook gets what help he needs, and brings you the bill. Of course he will steal, the only question is will he steal more than you will pay. Mr. Wurts said we ought not to pay the bill; the cook said he would leave; Mr. Wurts told him to go, that he was a rascal, etc. Finally a compromise was made—he came down, but the cost was still tremendous. If I were to attempt to buy things myself

the cook would leave. No cooks stay where they cannot make large commissions. Besides, if I were to buy the provisions, the shop people would cheat me even more than my cook. Then, the butler must buy everything for breakfast, all the bread and butter used on the table, milk, cream, cheese, fruit; and he cheats just as much as he can.

I meant to tell you the last word of "the sword." M. de Giers wrote that his August Master was delighted with it, and ordered it to be placed in the arsenal at Tsarskoe Selo as a token of the good will existing between the two countries. He wrote, also, a lot of nice things, to which the French language is so well adapted.

*Nov. 12th, 1885.*

This afternoon the Countess Dudzele took us to call on Madame Jomini. As usual the house looked like any public building, and the entrance was not pleasant. We went up the stone stairs into a hall or antechamber, where we laid aside our

shoubas and goloshes, then through one room into a larger one, where we saw a small plain elderly lady, dressed in black, who was very cordial, and who gave us some tea. She introduced her grandson to the girls. He brought his heels together with a click and made a profound bow, then he talked English, not very well, but well enough. As I had to join in the French conversation of the Baroness and Countess, I *did*; there is nothing like being obliged to do a thing. Then we went to see Madame de Giers who was ill; so we did not get in. Then to call on the wife of the Roumanian Minister, who was ill. Then to Gen. de Kioer's where they always receive on Sunday. Besides all this, we had two of the English secretaries at breakfast after church.

I was in a grocer's the other day, and asked if he had brown sugar and he produced a little round paper box. On lifting the cover I saw a layer of white tissue paper, under that, brown sugar. He said it held  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; (their pounds are smaller

than ours) and cost 60 kopecks—30 cts. I bought some apples; they were in small boxes, each apple wrapped in tissue paper. I bought ten for one rouble—50 cts., not one of which any of my family would eat. We walked through the fruit market a day or two ago. The apples are brought to market in wooden boxes, all packed in straw, and certainly half of them only fit for cider. The grapes are very good, and not dear. There is a white grape from the Crimea having long and handsome bunches at 18 kopecks a pound for ten pounds. The Concord grape, called the Isabella, cost 35 cts. a pound. Flowers and fruit are luxuries, especially flowers, of which we shall see very few.

*Nov. 22nd, 1885.*

The weather has become cold, and it seems as if the cold has come to stay. You know, I am sure, the Neva is a broad, fine river, which is closed all the winter. Last Thursday there was no ice in the river, but two of the long boat-bridges were swung back against the quays in anticipation of

the river freezing. On Friday there was a good deal of ice running, on Saturday it had stopped, and there was no water to be seen. A little more snow would make good sledging, and everybody is anxious to have sledging, icehilling and skating. The cold season is the only one people care for.

We went to a dinner on Thursday. M. and Mme. Due have a charming apartment, several large and handsome rooms, and a fine collection of old silver, porcelain, enamels and curios of various kinds. I was thinking how strange it was for an American to see so many different nationalities represented at table. The Turkish Ambassador, Mme. Due, a Russian, Gen. Appert, the French Ambassador, M. and Mme. Hanabusa, Japanese, M. Sturmer, Russian, M. Stoetwegen and his wife, both Hollanders, Mme. Appert, a Dane, M. Due, a Swede, Baron de Brunn, a Finn, his wife, a Russian, M. ———, a Norwegian, the American Minister and his wife, and two or three others, I cannot recall. These people talk several languages, but all talk French.

The girls got a Russian dancing master to teach them the mazurka, thinking they would take a few lessons alone, but their class has grown like a snowball until it is as large as our room will accommodate. Count and Countess Dubois wished to join, then Miss Balaceano from Roumania, Mrs. Clark, an English lady, Mr. Gough and Mr. Fairholme, English secretaries, Baron Gagern and Baron Wrancken, Austrians, Count Yorck von Wartemburg, a German. They can all talk English but Dubois and Gagern, and all French.

I do not believe we hear nearly as much about European affairs as you do. The Russian papers give very little information. I know the different embassies are very busy, as they have a good many secretaries in each embassy. It is fortunate that our country fears no political complications.

I think the plan of a government official who was obliged to send despatches regularly, will do for me if I should ever be at a loss for material for writing letters. He was asked how he always found something to send, and he said "he invented a despatch



one day, and the day after he sent a despatch contradicting it."

I do not know if I wrote you of a funny thing Mr. Thornton told me. He showed me a letter, saying it contained the only official scolding he had ever received. It seems that, when an imperial or royal child is born, despatches are sent to crowned heads and ambassadors and these despatches are docketed, and afterwards sent to London. In looking over some, he, Mr. Thornton, found one announcing the birth of a child to the Duke of Cumberland which he labelled "The Duke of Cumberland's baby," and duly forwarded. A friendly official wrote him from London that it was fortunate that it fell into his hands for, if the Queen had seen it, she would have been angry. He begged him to remember that royal duchesses do not have babies, that they only give birth to dukes and duchesses, or princes and princesses.

*Dec. 14th, 1885.*

There is so little light now, we need lamps at half past two o'clock if we wish to

write. The sun rises only a few minutes before nine a. m.

We are at present wearing mourning for the King of Spain. The exact dress is not mentioned; the order says "with the usual subdivisions," which means, I suppose, half mourning. The mourning that is worn is simply black velvet, satin, silk, lace, jet, etc. I have seen some ladies of the diplomatic corps with black dresses and tan gloves: so you see the court is not very strict.

The snow does not come, to the despair of the people who long for snow and ice in a way that would surprise you. I think the thermometer has been only a little above freezing to-day. Yesterday we went to make a few calls, especially on Madame de Giers, who, when she is at home, is at home only on Sunday. We went first to a bazaar held for charity. It was in the grand house of the Cheremétieffs and the rooms are handsome, that is the rooms we went into. The house is very extensive, and occupies a large piece of ground, I should say one hundred carriages could easily wait in the

court-yard in front—perhaps many more. There was a crowd, principally of well dressed ladies and officers in gay uniforms. There was a band of music and an overpowering sense of perfume. If you looked at anything, or even if you did not, you were importuned to buy.

The Foreign Office is an immense building, like any public building, and M. de Giers' house is in it. The entrance, I believe, is the same for visitors as for people who go on business. The vestibule is on a level with the street. It is a large room with an open fire, is carpeted, and looks very pleasant. The stairs are broad, and you go up two long flights to the top of the house. Madame de Giers' apartments are very handsome. We went through two large rooms before coming to the larger one where she and her daughters were. They always have screens in these reception rooms, and near one you will find a sofa, on which the lady of the house sits. We have seen several apartments where we liked the arrangement of the furniture very much, a sofa in the middle of, or quite out in, the

room,—screens and plants, little nooks and corners, etc. It seems to be the idea to have people go through two or three rooms before coming to the room where the hostess is. Just think how we should feel to drive up to a building like a City Hall to make a call!

To return to Mme. de Giers. She was in deep mourning for a daughter whose death was a great blow. She is charming; has simple cordial manners, and seems as friendly as one can be. Mlle. de Giers, who is a maid of honor to the Empress, is pretty, very pale and delicate in appearance. We went afterwards to Baroness Jomini's; the Baron is a high official, but not, of course as high as M. de Giers. She is very cordial and friendly. She introduced her granddaughter, Mlle. Onou (that is the way to pronounce it), who has just come from Constantinople. The girls sat at the tea table and Mademoiselle was so flurried that she spilled some tea on A.'s dress, and seemed dreadfully frightened. In a few moments she found we were Americans, and her serenity returned. She said,

"I thought you were English, and I am so afraid of the English."

*Jan. 1st, 1886.*

I succeeded very well in forgetting our Christmas. The afternoon was taken up in being presented to two grand duchesses. Christmas here will be next week, twelve days later than ours. It does not seem possible that this is New Year's day, but, when I dated this letter, I was much impressed with the fact that a new year had begun. The Russian New Year, our 13th January,<sup>1</sup> is I hear a great day; men who have a right to be presented at court are then received. Six days after comes the fete of the Three Kings, when the waters are blessed, a ceremony which I shall try to describe. I see they have already built a temple in front of the Winter Palace for the occasion. That reminds me, I have written several times to have "The Tsar's Window" sent from home, but it has not come. I have not read it in several years, and should very

<sup>1</sup> Now our 14th January; a change was made by the addition of a day with the new century.

much like to see it. I hear it is a forbidden book, but I cannot recall any reason why it should be forbidden.

Our Monday evening dances seem to be entertaining and popular, but we shall only have two or three more, for our house is too small. It is better to stop them than to have them die.

Yesterday morning we had a notice that we would be received by the Grand Duchess Serge. She is a daughter of Princess Alice of England, so was a Princess of Hesse. She is young, and has been married only about a year. Their palace, on the Newsky Prospect, is like being on Washington St., Boston. There is nothing in particular about the door. You go into a vestibule, then into a beautiful hall, the stairs being in front of you. They must be over twenty feet wide and are covered with a broad crimson carpet. They are lighted by a skylight, and there are candelabra for hundreds of candles. The Grand Duchess is very pretty and sweet, and is very timid. I am sure she was more afraid of us than we of her. She had a dark blue corded silk dress,

and looked like an English girl. We went in black because mourning had been ordered for the King of Spain, but she was not in black. H. mentioned it to M. Sturmer, the Master of Ceremonies, who said we were quite right. Yesterday was the last day of mourning. The court had been ordered to wear mourning for twenty-four days.

*Jan. 10th, 1886.*

On New Year's Day, which will be next Wednesday, the Emperor and Empress receive all the high officials, ambassadors, ministers, secretaries of legation, etc. At that time people who wish to be presented at court, who have the right, are received. All the Russian ladies who are entitled to go to court (the lines are very sharply drawn) go in their splendid court costumes. No one seems to know why the ladies of the diplomatic corps do not go, but such is not the custom. I should very much like to see the spectacle. The men are in gorgeous uniforms, with decorations; except the American Minister and his Secretary,

who attend in plain black clothes. Lieut. Buckingham arrived to-night, so we will have one American in uniform.

Last Monday we were presented to the Grand Duchess Marie Paulowna, wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is a handsome and charming woman. We then hurried to be presented to the Grand Duchess Catherine, whose father was brother to Emperor Nicholas. She married a Prince of Mecklenbourg-Strëlitz, is a widow and devotes herself to good works. I know not how we can content ourselves without going to a different palace every day, and seeing imperial highnesses, but we are relieved to have all the presentations over; no doubt they are too.

Friday Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Jr., took A. and H. in a troika fourteen versts to a country place of some English people. The rest of the party went by train. The amusement was principally sliding down hill on Finnish snow-shoes. These are of wood, quite narrow, very long, perhaps six feet long, pointed and turned up a little. It is not easy to get to the end of the hill without



falling. Friday evening we dined at the house of the Japanese Minister. The dinner was excellent, and they had beautiful flowers; there were twenty persons. It would have been very entertaining if they had given us a Japanese dinner, but there was nothing characteristic about it. There were seven Japs at table, all in European dress.

*Jan. 26th, 1886.*

We are in mourning again. The prince of Oldenbourg, brother of the one who lives here and who married the Tsar's cousin, died at Geneva and we will mourn until the 23rd of this month; so the first court ball is put off one week. I hear his funeral will be celebrated here, and that we may be invited; in which case, I am told, we shall be obliged to wear (if we go) a court train of black cashmere, a crape bonnet, and veil reaching to the ground. A lady said she did not think his rank high enough for so deep mourning, and that a long black cloth dress would probably be sufficient.

On Monday, the 18th, the fête of the

Epiphany, we went to the blessing of the waters. I cannot see why they bless the waters at this time but they do so all over Russia; at Moscow the religious part of the ceremony is more gorgeous even than here. We went a little before twelve to the Winter Palace, which I looked at with interest as I had not been in it before. It is very magnificent. We went through room after room, all of great size and very splendid, until we came to a vast one which was separated by glass from a beautiful winter garden. In one room through which we passed there were great numbers of clergy in magnificent robes of cloth of gold and silver, with jeweled banners and crosses. In another were, I should think, two regiments of soldiers (the swell regiments), in beautiful uniforms, drawn up in order, between which we passed. In another were officers and high officials in gorgeous uniforms with decorations. In another, the hall of Peter the Great, were an immense silver chandelier and a profusion of candelabra, some standing on the floor, some against the walls, all of solid silver. I must leave you to im-

agine the beauty of the floors, ceilings and walls, for I could get no idea except of magnificence as I passed along. In the last room I spoke of, all the diplomatic corps and strangers who had been presented, with some high officials, were gathered; all, with the exception of the American Minister and his secretary, in brilliant uniforms. The ladies were in handsome dresses and bonnets. After waiting some time we were taken through several more rooms to a large room with windows on the Neva.

For a long time a handsome temple which had been gilded and painted had been in process of construction. This was on a square estrade which partly projected over the river. In the center was a staircase leading to the water. On the land side were many steps of semicircular form which with the estrade, were covered with crimson carpet. A little way from this on each side stood soldiers, and at some distance beyond them a line of cavalry was posted to keep the people back. I ought to have said we watched for the Empress to pass through a corridor, separated by large glass doors, from the

room where we were. She and her ladies were going from the chapel, where a grand religious service had been held, to see the ceremony from the windows. Of course it was a fleeting glimpse, but I made the best use of my eyes. She wore the Russian court dress which is made of various colors, some red, some blue, some green. Hers was of dark blue velvet very heavily embroidered with gold, that is, the long court train which was borne by—I did not see who bore it. The sleeves hung (I believe) nearly to the floor; the low waist was partly blue velvet, partly white satin embroidered with gold; the petticoat of white satin was embroidered in front with gold. She had a kokoshnik on her head,—a velvet diadem covered with jewels, from which fell a beautiful lace veil. I saw on her neck a sapphire as large as a hen's egg. She looked lovely, and bowed and smiled in recognition of the deep reverences we all made. Only two or three grand duchesses and their ladies followed. Soon after, the religious ceremony began. Great numbers of priests came, making a lane through which passed many others

who went on the platform; after them the high officials and grand dukes, and, last of all, the Tsar,—every one bareheaded except, I think, the old Metropolitan, Monseigneur Isadore, who wore a crown. The Tsar stood on a small piece of carpet, rather alone, behind him his two sons and the grand dukes, distinguished from the rest by broad blue ribbons of the order, I believe, of St. André. As well as I could see, a goblet of water was brought up and blessed with much ceremony. I suppose there was music, as the imperial choir were there in their crimson dresses. Then there were guns innumerable fired in quick succession; the Tsar and all were blessed and sprinkled with holy water. The Metropolitan sprinkled the soldiers; and finally all the gorgeous train filed back into the palace. As soon as it was ended we went into the next room to breakfast. Round tables were laid for all with a name at each plate. At each table sat a *demoiselle d'honneur* to do the honors. After breakfast we went home, reaching the house after two.

Thursday we all went in the country to

## 64 THE COURT OF ALEXANDER III

pass the day, and had a very pleasant time. I feel that I do myself great injustice, and fail to give you a good idea of what we have done when I write such a scratchy letter, but I am so hurried, I know if I do not finish it now it may be some time before it will be posted.

*Feb. 6th, 1886.*

The season here is really very pleasant, not excessively cold, and not as yet colder than our winter weather. Sometimes there will be a high wind, and such days are very disagreeable, but the dry clear days even if cold are delightful. I enjoy going out in them, there is something invigorating and bracing in them which one seems to need, for it cannot be well for one to be shut up in rooms into which very little fresh air can be admitted. The days are much longer than they were.

The great event of the past week was the first court ball, which was attended by more than two thousand persons. The journal, which for a wonder contained a notice of it, said two thousand four hundred people, and

that about two thousand sat down to supper. The invitations were for nine o'clock, so we made an effort to be at the Winter Palace at that hour. We went up the stairs and through the halls, watched by hosts of servants in imperial liveries, soldiers with drawn swords, standing like statues, groups of officers and officials, and gaily dressed women. After passing through some splendid rooms we came to the ball room, in one corner of which was the place appointed for the diplomatic corps. It is a long room, and was decorated with fine plants, and lighted by electricity. The incandescent light has just been put in and adapted to the enormous chandeliers, the prisms of which sparkled like diamonds. The light was very steady and becoming, and did not make people look ghastly. Opposite us, leaving a lane between, were Russian ladies, the first in the Empire. They were of course handsomely dressed, and all had fine jewels, which made the group very brilliant. The officers, officials and diplomats, except our own, were all in uniform. The costumes were very handsome, stiff with

gold embroidery, and all, I think, wore decorations, some were covered with them, —broad ribbons and insignia of the orders, with jewels. After looking about, talking to the people whom we knew, there was a murmur of expectation, and every one seemed to know that the Emperor and Empress were coming. I have come to the conclusion that their majesties are to people here what the sun is to the world; I do not expect you to understand it—it must be seen and felt.

When the great doors near us were thrown open the high officials came, then the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Prince Dolgorouky, then the grand mistress of the Empress' household, Princess Kotchoubey; after them the Emperor with the Empress on his arm; following them some great officials of the household and the pages, then the <sup>1</sup> Tsarevitch with the grand duchess Serge, then a number of grand dukes and grand duchesses, princes, etc. The orchestra played a polonaise from "A Life for the Tsar," and they made the tour of the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards (1894) succeeded his father as Nicholas II.



hall. Returning, they formed again. The Empress danced with her son, and the Emperor took Madame Appert, wife of the French Ambassador, who, in the absence of Madame Schweinitz, is the first lady in the diplomatic corps. The third tour, the Emperor took Lady Morier, wife of the British Ambassador, and the Empress, General Schweinitz, the Tsarevitch giving his arm to Madame Appert. Then there were some quadrilles or contre dances, when the Empress danced with the Ambassador of Turkey, afterwards she danced with the other ambassadors. Then the Empress went in the next room, where several people were presented to her, and the Emperor walked about, saying a few words to different persons. He asked your father to present him to me, and I had the honor of a few words. There was a good deal of waltzing, but people crowded up so close there was not very much room. Then the Empress went to the other end of the room and a mazurka was danced, but the crowd prevented my getting a good view of it.

The Emperor is a tall, large man, with

an air of majesty and command. He does not look sad, nor afraid, nor overwhelmed by the cares and greatness of his position. I do not at all believe he lives in a state of alarm—people say he does not know the sensation of fear. It was most interesting to me to see the man who is ruler over one-sixth of the globe, and whose will is law. I tried to wonder how he feels, but do not think I got any idea of it. He wore the uniform of a smart regiment, the Chevaliers Gardes, a red coat and dark trousers, and carried a brass helmet with an eagle on top. He had the blue ribbon of St. Andrew and, I think, its jewelled collar, with many decorations. The Empress was lovely, as she always is. She wore a white dress, not with a long train, a gauze with silver stripes. She had the broad blue ribbon of St. Andrew. She is the only lady who has it; it was given her at her coronation. Her dress was low in the neck, and she wore what seemed to be strings of enormous diamonds with great diamonds in her ears. She had several brooches around about the top of her dress, one a diamond so enormous it did

not look especially handsome, and a tiara of superb diamonds. She looks so young it is hard to think she is the mother of five children, the oldest seventeen years and more of age. Her figure is as slender and as pretty as that of a young girl; she is altogether charming. The Tsarevitch looks like her, and is very small for a boy of his age. It will be a great misfortune for him if he should not grow. The men of the Imperial family are such large, tall, fine-looking men that the Russians will find it difficult to connect the idea of majesty with one who is small.

As the lovely Grand Duchess Vladimir has gone to Cannes for her health, the grand Duchess Serge, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, takes precedence of the others who are wives of the Emperor's uncles, or cousins. She is very handsome, and has a beautiful neck and arms. Her necklace was of handsome emeralds set in diamonds. The Grand Duchess Constantine had superb jewels, pearls, diamonds, rubies, etc. Her necklace was of great uncut emeralds set in fine diamonds. There was a general

blaze of magnificence. After the mazurka the Emperor and Empress, followed by their imperial highnesses, went to supper.

The hall where we had supper was high and large; a balcony ran all around it, and at each end were projecting balconies where two orchestras played alternately. Two thousand people were seated at supper, and served at the same time with no confusion; the supper was excellent. In the middle of the room, but at one side, was the imperial table, where their majesties, the imperial family and the ambassadors and their wives sat. At their right was the table for the diplomatic corps. On the tables, in a line, were arranged great pieces of silver, a design of horses, or of knights, perhaps three feet long, then a silver vase with palms and flowers, then another design, then a silver candelabrum holding fifteen candles, then another fine piece, all of pure silver and close together. If you will try to think how many it would take for two thousand people, it will give an idea of the silver in this palace. The large pieces had a border of flowers at the base. For every two peo-



THE EMPEROR  
ALEXANDER III.



ple, there was a salt cellar in silver of different shapes. Mine was a bear; on each side were two receptacles, one for salt and one for pepper. The forks, knives and spoons were all very handsome, many of them were of silver gilt. The china too was very fine. I never saw such wide tables, it seems to me they were more than six feet in width.

They give people much to eat: in one fine room in the centre was an immense round table, and a buffet ran all around, for tea, cakes, etc. Another buffet, in a corridor, must have been 150 or 200 feet long. At all there were champagne, tea, lemonade, (or what they call such), cakes, ices,—all very handsome. During the evening, ices, the shape and color of fruits, were handed around. After the supper, all went to the ball room, where a waltz was danced that lasted some time; then about one o'clock their majesties left, and immediately the company dispersed.

I do not understand why people go so very late to parties, and stay so late, when royalty sets such a good example. It is not

uncommon for people to go to a dance at half past eleven or twelve o'clock, and leave at five or six; in fact one does not expect to go much before midnight, if invited to take tea in the evening, which is understood to mean a dance.

Yesterday was a busy day; we had people to call, it being our regular reception day. Some gentlemen stayed so late we had to rush and dress for dinner at M. Sieman's, a handsome dinner of thirty-six people. After being invited to this dinner, and having accepted, we were invited to a ball at the house of Prince Youssoupoff. He is said to be the richest man in Russia, and his house to be the finest private residence in Petersburg. As the Emperor and Empress were expected at ten o'clock, we were expected to be there before that time. It is a breach of etiquette to arrive later than their Majesties. So we had to leave almost as soon as dinner was over, and we did not arrive at the Youssoupoff palace until after ten, but we were early enough as their Majesties had gone to the theatre to see a new piece they desired to hear. The house is



wonderful, with great rooms, and much ornamented. The ceilings especially are very handsome. I thought we saw as much of the house as any one could have, but I am told to-day that the large theatre and the winter garden were not opened. The dancing in the ball room began a little before the Emperor and Empress and the Grand Duchess Serge and some grand dukes arrived. The Empress looked lovely in a pale blue satin dress, with the front embroidered, and with some thin stuff over her train, which, by the way, was not very long. Her jewels were mostly superb pearls. She danced a good deal. When she stood or danced, or when the Grand Duchess Serge danced, everyone stood. At first everyone made profound reverences to the Emperor and Empress. But afterwards they did not, unless bowed or spoken to by them. The Empress danced the mazurka and waltzed, etc. She dances beautifully, and is said to be very fond of it. The dining room is very large. I should think that at least five hundred persons were served at the same time, all seated. After the Emperor

and Empress left, most of the guests followed their example, but the young people stayed for a cotillion.

I must tell you of the mother of Prince Youssoupoff who is, I suppose, a typical woman of the old society. She looks very old, and is lame. She was arrayed in red velvet of a dark color, with beautiful lace. On the front of her head, just above her forehead, she had a broad black velvet band with beautiful jewels of great pearls and diamonds stuck on it. At the back was a ribbon, the color of her dress, forming a great structure, and having a spray of diamonds. In her ears were wonderful earrings of diamonds.

There will be a court ball on Thursday of this week, the Palm Tree ball. This, and a grand dinner at the Austrian Ambassador's next Tuesday, are the only gaieties I know of in the immediate future. Of course icehilling, skating, etc., can fill up the time if there is any left after calls and leaving cards.

*Feb. 13th, 1886.*

There has been a good deal of snow, but it is always carted off, leaving hardly enough for sledging. The snow is quite different from ours. When it is shovelled into carts it falls exactly like sand, and it never seems to pack. Perhaps it is better to keep little on the streets as, when the spring comes, it would make them impassible. The sidewalks are swept and scraped down to the stones three times a day, and are sprinkled with sand. The days now are much longer, but I do not know how long they are. I know the sun does not set until half past four, and, of course, the mornings are much longer, but we lie in bed very late as we always go to bed late, even when we do not go out.

This afternoon has been our reception day; we had twenty-three calls,—more than we expected. As the day was so beautiful, we thought people would be amusing themselves out of doors. I think I have written you before what a variety of nations are represented at St. Petersburg, but will write you again as it is rather interesting. I asked

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin from New York to come, so there were two Americans, M. Grouitch, Minister from Servia, Danick Bey, from Turkey, Baron Wachen, from Austria, Gen. Kioer, Danish Minister, Madame Kioer, Count Greppi, Italian Ambassador, R. A. Eram Effendi, from Turkey, Mr. Fairholme, from England, Baroness de Santos, from Portugal, Baron Gevers, from Holland, Baron and Baroness Gravenitz, of Russia, Baron Buxhaven, of Russia, Mr. Baddely, of England, M. Sturmer, of Russia, M. Dittmar, of Russia, Mr. Clarke, of England, M. Gutmansthal, of Austria. I see I have not had as many different countries represented as sometimes, but there were enough for contrasts.

The customs of society are so different from what they are at home. For instance, if I happen to meet a lady of the proper rank, I must ask to be presented, then I must call upon her. Then if I meet her out, I must advance and speak first or she will consider it a cut. I do not think these customs are kind for strangers, but I am

here to conform to, not to quarrel with, them.

*Mar. 2nd, 1886.*

The city looks very lively, for the Carnival week has attracted a great many people. Near us, on the Champ de Mars, the municipality has erected theatres, ice hills, merry-go-rounds, and various things to amuse the people. These are thronged, and it is said that fully ten thousand people from Finland have come here for the Carnival. They have to pay a rouble for a permission to stay, and receive a permit with a number. They come in their queer Finnish sledges, which look something like boats. Lent in the Greek Church begins on Monday; next Sunday is the last day of the Carnival.

Last Sunday the Empress gave a ball in the smaller palace where the family lives, and, I hear, they always have a ball at a summer palace on the Islands, on the Sunday that ends the Carnival.

The Palm Tree ball was like the one I have described only the supper room was

more beautiful. The palms and other plants were arranged in groups throughout the room, not on the tables. As the doors were opened and we entered, it looked as if tables had been laid in a splendid garden; there were so many palms and other plants you hardly noticed the tables. It certainly was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Opposite the Empress' table, under a great picture of Emperor Nicholas, was a sloping bank of moss with exquisite designs in flowers. There was a profusion of flowers everywhere. The table at which I sat was in a nook, or recess, of foliage. The electric light was in great globes, and was very beautiful; you could hardly convince yourself that it was not daylight.

Last night we went to a handsome ball at the British Embassy given for the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters, the Grand Duchess Serge and the Princess Irene, granddaughters of Queen Victoria. The Embassy is spacious, and has a fine ball room; the music was rendered by the Hungarian Band. Just think how much trouble they take for a ball! During the whole

evening there were in the dining room (which opens out of the ball room) buffets down each side and small tables at which people could sit. All the evening one could have champagne, champagne cup, claret cup, seltzer, lemonade, tea and other drinks, ices in handsome forms, cakes, bonbons, and I don't know what. After each dance every one came out, and the ball room was aired. The mazurka is danced with some one to lead, and with favors, like a cotillion. After this, they all went out to the supper room, opening out of the dining room, where tables were laid, and a supper of six courses (or more) was served to two hundred and fifty people. They danced until after three o'clock. I declare I do not see how they stand it. We are going to-night to M. Sieman's ball, which will be very handsome, and will, I fear, last until four or five o'clock. He is to have the Hungarian Band for the greater part of the evening, and another band for the mazurka.

The weather is not very cold; about like winter weather at home. The days are long enough and very pleasant. We have not

as yet found any apartment for next year, but I am determined not to stay in this one. Our plan is to leave here the first of April and go directly to Berlin, then to Dresden, and so on, bringing up at Rome. Your father will have Cyrus<sup>1</sup> meet us in Dresden or Berlin; he will come in a German steamer and land at Bremen. Your father's leave will be sixty days; it seems queer to have his leave fixed by some one else; still, when he fixed his own time, he did not often remain away as long. I think it will be delightful to leave here before the thaw and breaking up begins; we will all be glad when spring comes.

*Mar. 10th, 1886.*

The last court ball was the most beautiful of all. It was small, only two hundred and fifty people having been invited. None of the secretaries nor attachés received invitations, only the Chiefs of Missions, which made quite a difference in the number of the diplomatic corps. We were invited at half past nine, and before ten their Majes-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cyrus Edwin Lothrop.



ties entered the room. The Hermitage, in which the ball was given, is connected with the Winter Palace. It was the palace of the great Catherine. They danced in her ball room. When we entered and ascended the stairs, we came into a broad hall where stands an immense malachite vase, with a beautiful palm in it. Going to the left towards the Winter Palace, we went through a large salon with a buffet at the side, then through a corridor, lined with plants, into the ball room, which was charming. It is a long room. About one-third of it is separated from the rest by arches and pillars. The dancers did not come over in the smaller part, which was carpeted, and furnished with chairs and sofas in red. The lighting of the room was the most beautiful I ever saw, so brilliant and yet so soft and pleasant. There is a gallery high up, and there was a row of lights all around it. The room is decorated in white and gold; the windows are very large and arched; the heavy curtains are of plain white silk. Back of this room was a conservatory that opened out of, and seemed

a part of, it. The conservatory is beautiful. It is square; the plants were mostly palms, and set out in beds of blossoming plants, particularly of hyacinths and tulips. It was lighted with great globes of white light, which made it look like moonlight; I thought of fairyland. The fountain, in the centre, had an electric light over which the water fell, and there were several lights under the water in the basin. This fountain was decorated with vines and flowers. In the conservatory was also a great gilded cage of singing birds. The walks were carpeted, so our gowns were not injured. On one side of the conservatory is a gallery of portraits. We walked down it more than 500 feet; and on the other, a gallery I will describe. It had on either hand cabinets of carved wood filled with everything that is rare and costly in the way of jewels (I do not mean crown jewels, but historical jewelled *things*) of gold and silver, ivory-fans, watches, snuff boxes, and many other things. There was a row of card tables and people playing at them in this gallery, still there was room to walk down and examine the articles.

At the end of the gallery was a curious clock in an immense glass case. A golden peacock, life size, raises his tail, arches his neck, turns it, ruffles his feathers, turns around and back again; and a cock flaps his wings and crows. Just beyond is the gallery devoted to Peter the Great, his clothes, tools, and the things he made; but it was not open the night of the ball.

The Empress was lovely. She wore a white gauze dress embroidered with silver. Her tiara of two rows of diamonds, a little distance apart, was wound over and over with a ribbon of rubies. Two rows of immense diamonds were about her throat, and solitaires of the same size were in her ears. On her neck there was a superb necklace of rubies and diamonds of a beautiful design, and around the top of her bodice ornaments of rubies, so immense it took one's breath away. At the sides of her skirt were two bows, with knots of rubies and diamonds. The Grand Duchess Alexandra was gorgeous in rubies and diamonds. Her tiara was of leaves of diamonds with rubies for flowers. The Grand Duchess Serge wore

also rubies and diamonds. A great many ladies had beautiful jewels, but, of course, none to equal those of the imperial family. We went to supper through the rooms by which we entered, and across the hall with the beautiful vase, into several rooms where were tables; in one of which were two tables, one for the Empress, the other for the diplomatic corps. The supper was excellent. After it the cotillion was danced and we went home at about three o'clock.

We intend to go now often to the Hermitage to see the pictures. I have only been three times, and twice it was closed. I have felt like a barbarian to be so near and not to have gone more often; but in the summer they were repairing and painting, and many pictures were covered up or taken down; then the days were so short, and there was so much to do.

*March 14th, 1886.*

I stopped to count the guns of the fortress which fired a salute of one hundred, and shook the house so the windows rattled. Last Thursday was the birthday of the Em-

peror and to-day is the anniversary of his coming to the throne, which is observed by a general display of flags, special services in the churches, and by the firing of cannon in quick succession. Yesterday was the anniversary of the murder of his father, and services were held in the church of the fortress in the morning for the imperial family and, in the afternoon, for the public. A lady, who went, told me that many poor people thronged the church, and laid wreaths on his tomb. She herself was a lady of high rank, and was dressed in mourning; so, I suppose, all were dressed in the same way.

We went the other day to see the imperial state carriages; I was surprised at the great number, and magnificence, of them. The building is immensely long, and there were four rows of carriages in each room. Many of them belonged to Catherine II. The carriages for a coronation are very large and heavy, and are as magnificent as gilding, painting, embroidery, velvet, etc. can make them. Many are decorated with what appears to be precious stones; but I do not

suppose they are. These great carriages are drawn by eight horses, and the harness, trappings, servant's liveries, etc. are as gorgeous as red and gold can make them. There are carriages of all sorts and shapes; most of them have figures painted on the outside, some of them by Boucher. I noticed one covered on the outside with satin of a cream color, embroidered with gold and silks. We saw case after case full of cloth of gold dresses of the heralds and other officers and cases of oriental stuffs for horse trappings, etc. These things were all taken to Moscow for the coronation, and the Empress' coach was drawn by eight superb white horses, which the Emperor bought for that purpose. There were also sledges that would hold twenty people, immense things, and queer sledges for the Carnival; their use is evidently past, but to see them gives an idea of what the Carnival was in the old time.

We saw a sledge built by Peter the Great and used by him, the queerest, rudest thing imaginable; his trunk was at the back. In the top of the doors were small squares of

mica in clumsy iron frames. It was lined with coarse green baize. The most interesting thing was the carriage in which the late Emperor was driving when he was assassinated. Evidently it had nearly passed, for it is uninjured except at the back, which is a good deal shattered. It seems the coachman begged him to stay in the carriage and be driven on, but he insisted upon getting out to see what he could do for the people that had been wounded, when a second bomb killed him. He was evidently very much beloved and is still lamented by his people. All through these immense rooms were fine tapestries on the walls, very many, possibly all of them, brought from Poland.

The weather continues delightful, bright and clear, but the sun in the middle of the day thaws the snow in exposed spots, so the sledging, I fear, will not last long. People seem so sorry that winter is coming to an end, and, indeed, the winter weather is most enjoyable. They say the spring is not pleasant and that the breaking up of the ice is disagreeable. I suppose it will not be before the last of April that the ice will

go out of the Neva. The town has been as quiet as possible during the past week, as the Russians neither make, nor receive, visits during the first week in Lent. They fast with great strictness, at least the common people do.

Baron Gevers, Secretary of the Dutch legation, whose mother was an American, asked me one day if we liked codfish balls. I said yes, and I promised to have some made, and invite him to breakfast. I thought I made the cook understand what codfish is, and sent word to get a supply. This morning I asked to see a piece; the butler returned with a slice of salted sturgeon. I wonder if it can be possible that the Russians do not know the delights of codfish! One day I said to Mme. de Struve I wish I could get some corn meal; and she replied it could be found here, and that she would send me some. The next day came a paper of cornstarch. But they do have buckwheat cakes!

*Mar. 21st, 1886.*

Although you once said I did not repeat myself, I know I am in danger of writing



the same thing twice, as there is not much to write about. People are beginning to have small, quiet entertainments, with no dancing.

We were invited last night to Madame Baratinsky's to take a cup of tea, not later than ten o'clock. She is a lady whom I admire more than any I have seen here; a thorough woman of the world—in a good sense,—and most charming. She is seventy-five years old, was a great beauty, and now is as handsome as a woman of her age can be, with very elegant manners. She dresses richly and appropriately, has a pretty figure, and is rather small. She is very fond of poetry, and has translated Russian poetry into English. She recited, to two or three of us, some of Poushkin's poetry in Russian, and then repeated it in English; and it was wonderful how good her English was. She speaks French ordinarily; indeed, I think Russian ladies make use of that language generally, although, of course, they often talk Russian. She has been lady of honor, and is still on intimate terms with the imperial family.

I asked a lady last evening about their fasts; they are so rigorous I do not believe many people keep them strictly. They have four fasts in the year; the present one of seven weeks, one in August of two weeks, and two other short ones. They fast on Sundays as well as on week days, and eat no meat, nor fish, nor butter, nor milk, nor cream, nor eggs during the whole time. They must rejoice when Easter comes; no wonder it is such a happy festival.

The winter weather has been charming; a nervous lady, a Dane, was grumbling about it, saying there was too much sunshine. Certainly, people do not suffer from cold; they seem to have a perfect method of heating. The rooms are almost without exception large and high. It is very common to have a large ball room and several large salons, all open, all the time. The warmth is so pleasant that you never think anything about it; it is like a natural summer temperature, and your attention is seldom called to the way of heating. You sometimes see tall porcelain stoves, but they are not conspicuous. These

stoves must be wonderfully good. In the morning, a small fire of wood is made (the stove does not contain much wood); then the door is left open, and it is allowed to burn out; then the dvornik rakes the coals apart, so that the gas may pass off; then it is shut up tight and left for the day. I am sure that this amount of wood would not begin to warm our rooms at home in our cold weather. No doubt sealing up the windows and having them double is one secret of the warmth of the houses, which are built very thick. People dress warmly out of doors, but not in the house. I noticed that a Russian lady, who called the other day, wore slippers; but of course she had left her fur-lined boots down stairs, for they are not careless in such matters. I do not think ladies suffer from having bare arms and necks, as there are no drafts.

BERLIN, *April 12th, 1886.*

We left Petersburg on Saturday at two o'clock and reached here at seven this morning. The distance is not great, but the trains run very slowly. There will be a

train very soon that will make the time ten hours shorter. The Russian sleeping cars are very comfortable. A corridor runs at one side with rooms opening out of it; so you are as private as in a hotel.

The weather was charming when we left. For some days the ice in the Neva had looked black and unsafe, and for a week they had not allowed persons to drive upon it. Friday morning last the ice passed out very early. The ceremony on Saturday morning, to declare the river opened for navigation, we did not see; we only heard the cannon. But we walked over to the river to look at it, and it was pleasant to see it again flowing free. All along the wall were people looking at the welcome sight. I saw poor women with sickly, pale-looking children out for the air, of which they had been deprived so long. I think the little children are kept in most of the time in winter. The day was bright and charming, and I was almost sorry we were going to leave. On some accounts the autumn must be the best time to be away, as the spring and early summer are not disagree-

able. However, we shall all be better for the change.

VIENNA, *April 19th, 1886.*

Tuesday we visited some places of interest in Berlin, and, as we were near the palace, waited a little while to see the <sup>1</sup> Emperor appear at the window. When the guard is changed at the State Palace, it marches past the one where the Emperor lives (very near the other), and he comes to the window to see the soldiers. He appears so strong and hearty in all his pictures, I was hardly prepared to see him look so old and shrunken, although he is over eighty-nine years old. We could not see him very well, but I was glad to have a glimpse at him. The thing that interested me most was to see the large crowd that gathered to see him, and the enthusiasm they manifested, although he appears at the window every day. Miss Pendleton took us for a drive in the afternoon to Charlottenburg, to see the beautiful monument to Queen Louisa, mother of the Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> William I.

and we stopped, on returning, to take tea with her at five oclock. The Pendletons seemed to be sorry we came at a time when they could not give us a dinner. We left Wednesday morning for Dresden. We found the weather cold and disagreeable.

Dresden, I am told, is a cheap place to live in; indeed, the whole town is plain and economical, as they dine at one, take an early tea, go to the opera at seven and to bed early—altogether different from the gay capital of Russia.

We came over here yesterday, a journey of nearly twelve hours. The day was fine and the country charming. For an hour or two we passed through Saxon Switzerland, which is wild and mountainous. The thing that strikes me most is the careful cultivation of the land. You see no fences, no stumps nor stones, but it looks as carefully raked as a garden. The wheat is a most beautiful green, and the other fields, alternating with the green, are lovely. The hills, that are not rocky, are carefully cultivated to the very top.

VENICE, *April 25th, 1886.*

I wrote you on our arrival in Vienna, so I will write but a short letter from here. We found Vienna a beautiful city, and looking much more modern than most of the European capitals. Mr. Lee, Chargé d'Affaires, invited us to dine the day after we arrived, and he got tickets for us to see the ceremony of foot-washing at the palace on Thursday. I have always heard of the ceremony, but never knew exactly how it was done. At the risk of wearying you, I will describe it. We had seats assigned to us with the diplomatic corps, and we could not have had better ones. We went about nine o'clock in the evening, and were very much entertained in seeing the assembling of the people who came to be present at the ceremony. In the rooms through which we passed, were many officers in very handsome uniforms. All the ladies were dressed in black, and had black lace on their heads, which they took off, however, on entering the principal room. Many brilliant officers came in from time to time; and some of the household guards, tall, fine

soldiers. Finally came a procession of the priests; then the high officers; then the very high officials of state; then the archdukes; then the Emperor, accompanied by Prince Hohenlohe, the grand master of ceremonies. There was a table set with twelve covers, on a raised platform, on our side of the hall, having a long seat behind it. At every place were a plate, knife, fork and spoon, a covered pitcher, a silvered mug with beer or wine, and red bonbons to make things look gay. Before the priests came, twelve neatly dressed old men had entered. They were accompanied by relatives—two relatives, I think, for each. The old men, I was informed, were from eighty-nine to ninety-four years old. They took their seats at the table, the friends standing just behind them. Then servants came and untied their shoes and made ready to take them off. I ought to have said that twelve household guards stood just behind the relatives, each guardsman having a wooden tray.

Then twelve of the royal butlers entered, dressed in black, each with a tray with dishes



of food. The first stepped on the platform, and the Emperor took off all the dishes and set them before the first old man. Then the second came, and so on until he had served all. Then the Emperor walked to the head of the table, and the nine archdukes advanced and stood on the other side of it; then the guards walked around and stood in a line, and the Emperor and archdukes removed the dishes to their trays. When this was done, two splendid officers headed the procession out of the hall. Afterwards the twelve guards marched back with their empty trays, and the officers walked up the middle of the hall, and turned and waited. Then the butlers returned and the Emperor again set all the dishes they brought on the table; and again they were removed in the manner as before described. It was all done with the precision of a machine. There were four courses, and when the last course was set on the trays, they put on, at the same time, the pitchers, mugs, plates, napkins, and everything that was on the table. The food was abundant and beautifully served, the dishes being ornamental

enough for the finest dinner. I am told that there are people waiting outside to buy everything, food, dishes, etc., and that these are generally sold; so that it is a Barmecide feast for the old men.

Then the tables are removed, and servants stretch a broad piece of white linen in front of the old men. Then a priest advances with a deep oval dish of brass or gold, and another with an ewer of water, both ewer and basin being very handsome. The Emperor has a towel; one priest holds the basin under one old foot, and the other pours on a little water. The Emperor rubs it with a towel, and the row is finished off very soon; the Emperor going on his knees from one to another. Then some one offers him a gold basin with water and he washes his hands; whereupon another person gives him a towel, and his part is finished. He returns to the end of the platform, Prince Hohenlohe then, and always, following him. Thereafter the old men leave, then the priests, etc. until all are gone, then the spectators. I was glad to see it, but am sure they did not do so "down in Judee." It was an

interesting spectacle, but it would have been so much finer if the Empress had been there, and had performed the ceremony for twelve old women. The archduchesses would have assisted her, as the archdukes did the Emperor. I heard the Empress does not like it, and is glad to be away at the time. She is said to be very beautiful; I was sorry not to see her. After all the absurdity of the ceremony, there was something touching to me in seeing the mightiest man humble himself to those of low degree.

I have just looked over my letter and seen what a blundering description I have written, and I hope you will find it intelligible. While the foot-washing went on, there was a religious service with incense, etc., and I forgot to say that when all was finished, the Emperor, as he walked back, hung a chain with a bag of money attached, around the neck of each old man.

FLORENCE, *April 30th, 1886.*

The morning after coming here I rang for the maid and asked if there were a warm bath near my room; she said yes. How

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long would it take to get it ready? Half an hour. Could I have one in half an hour? No, for a gentleman had ordered one the night before—to be ready in an hour! Fancy being unable to get a bath because some one in the hotel wished to bathe in an hour from that time. I think we shall leave here Monday for Rome, if we hear that “our palace” is ready for us. Mr. Baddeley, an Englishman we knew in Petersburg, left before us to visit the Thorntons in Constantinople, then was going to Rome. He and Mr. Thornton have just called and are leaving for Rome to-night. Our rooms are on the Arno, which is very pretty in the evening with the lights reflected in the water. As you know, this is a most fascinating place, old and picturesque, and the flowers are wonderful—in such profusion. I think one dollar would buy a bushel of roses. There are carnations, lilies of the valley, lilacs, snowballs, laburnums, lilies, wistaria and I do not know what, for sale at every turn.

Mr. H.

ROME, *May 9th, 1886.*

We had a pleasant journey from Florence here, as the country was fresh and green. When we reached the station, we found Guiseppe, Mr. Wurt's butler, with carriages. He kissed our hands most respectfully, and we started. The population of Rome has increased very fast, and I hear it is a prosperous city. One ought not to quarrel with a city's growth and prosperity, but it seems a pity to improve Rome; it destroys so much of its past. With all the building, I am told, the houses are quite insufficient for the needs of the people. We came down into an old quarter, through narrow, crooked streets, to a dingy old building, and were driven through immensely tall doors into the court of our palace. "Murray" says it is the most beautiful court in Rome, and it is certainly very handsome; it is really a double court. The walls of the palace are very rich in busts, bas reliefs, etc. The stairway is handsome and very much decorated with sculpture. It takes a good many stairs to come to the first floor, which Mr. Wurts has rented.

You come out on a loggia, full of busts and bas reliefs, also of plants, vines and flowers, a most lovely place. There is another loggia where the court is divided; this also has flowers, vines and a fountain. The rooms of our apartment are beautiful. A Cardinal Mattei lived here for about fifty years, and at his death Mr. Wurts hired it for twelve years and has made a great many improvements, such as repairing floors, etc. The ceilings vary in height according to the size of the rooms; that of the library, where I am writing, is about 25 ft. high; the ceilings of the large salon and of our bedrooms are the same. The ceiling of the great hall is much higher; that of a beautiful room, which I have for my dressing room is, probably, 15 ft. high. The ceilings are painted by masters, and the decorations are rich and handsome. They are arched up to a flat space in the centre in which is a fresco. There are many old pictures belonging to the house; everything else in the apartment belongs to Mr. Wurts, and he has filled it with rare embroideries,

laces, carved furniture, and other things, old and artistic.

We live in a most delightful way. Giuseppe engaged a cook, and such servants as he thought necessary; I don't know what or how many. Everything is well cooked, well served, every wish anticipated, in short, we are living in the "lap of luxury." If we wish company to dine, I simply tell Giuseppe to put on more plates. This life will soon come to an end, however, as we shall stay but little more than a week longer. Possibly we shall find it hard to come down to common doings. We have much to enjoy socially as Mr. Wurts sent letters to some of his best friends. Dr. Nevin of the American Church asked us to dine Thursday, only Mr. and Mrs. Story and M. de Hagermann, Danish Minister, husband of Mrs. Charles Moulton, whose daughter, by the way, has just married Count —, I forget the name. Mr. Story is certainly one of the most agreeable and charming men I have ever met. Mrs. Story is very nice. She asked us to come to her Friday, her reception day, which

we did, and were received so warmly and hospitably we were quite overwhelmed; I think half a dozen ladies said "Oh, how we do wish you were here instead of at Petersburg; wouldn't you like to come?"

Yesterday I knew we should have some persons to call, so had a table laid for tea, and a pretty fire in the library, Russian tea, etc. There came Mr. and Mrs. Story, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Story, Mr. Terry (his wife was prevented), Mr. and Mrs. Haseltine, Mrs. Hickson-Field, her daughter, Princess Brancaccio, Mrs. Lee, Miss Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Field, Miss Brewster, Mrs. and Miss Howard, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Baddeley; some of these names you will know. Mrs. Story brought me some beautiful roses from the garden of Mr. Story's studio, and asked us to go there to-day for a cup of tea and to see the roses in bloom. I had to decline, saying we were already invited by Mrs. Adam, but Mrs. Story sent a note to-day saying she wished we would go there a little earlier as she always went Sunday afternoons, at this time of year, to take tea and gather roses; so we



are going. We are invited to a garden party on Tuesday by Mrs. Hickson-Field, who has, I hear, a superb garden at "Palazzo Field," to the Haseltines' to dine on Thursday, and we are going to the opera Wednesday.

*May 16th, 1886.*

Your father and the girls, with a party of friends, have gone to Albano for the day, and, although I knew I was losing a great deal, I stayed at home, as I am so tired. I thought I would like a day of solitude and rest. Although some people here never have a fire, we have had one every evening since we came. M. de Hegermann told me they never at any season have a fire. I am sure people must suffer dreadfully from cold, the rooms are so large and so high, with, at the most, only one fireplace in a room. There is no doubt that one is much more comfortable in St. Petersburg.

We called yesterday at Mrs. Haseltine's, having dined there on Thursday. They live in Palazzo Altieri. We went into the court, then up broad stone stairs, and

climbed up and up to the very top; where we found a fine apartment, full of beautiful things. The Haseltines came to stay three months, and have stayed sixteen years. In his studio he has several handsome pictures; and it seemed to me his water views were especially charming.

We called on Mrs. Terry, sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and mother of Marion Crawford; she lives up so high I was exhausted by the time I reached the floor. She has lived here forty years. The Storys live at the top of the Barberini Palace. It is a tremendous climb. In Palazzo Mattei, although we are on the *piano nobile*, or first floor, we climb ever so many stairs. I do not know what is done with the ground floor, only that the kitchen is down a flight of stairs, also some servants' rooms. There is something strange and fascinating about this life for people who have been here a long time; they cannot be content away. I cannot quite understand it—yes, I can, in the case of artists, as here everything is picturesque.

ST. PETERSBURG, *June 11th, 1886.*

We continued to enjoy our visit in Rome as much as when I wrote you. It is the most interesting city in the world. Rome and London make all other places seem commonplace by comparison. We left for Paris the 21st of May, and had comfortable sleeping berths, and should have reached our destination Tuesday at six or seven o'clock in the morning. The weather was very hot, and the country dusty. When we reached Turin, we were told that we could stay thirty-five minutes for luncheon. We did not care much to lunch, but went in, and, not finding things very good, we stayed only about ten or fifteen minutes. When we came out, our train had gone, with every article of our hand luggage! We had taken off our wraps, even our gloves. We were the most indignant set of people you ever saw; really it seemed as if we could not endure it. It seems the train was behind time, and instead of waiting thirty-five minutes, left on schedule time; and the guard did not call us. We went to a hotel, and waited until half past eight o'clock, and then took

a train, but with no sleeping car. There was one compartment where the chairs draw out, and we had to pay heavily for that. The night was cool, but we had not the vestige of a wrap, nor any soap, water, towels or any other of the conveniences of travel; we passed a wretched night. We telegraphed to have our things left at Modane, but when we reached there at midnight we were told they had not been left for us. When we arrived in Paris we went to the hotel, the dirtiest, grimmest set of people you ever saw. We got all our things on Tuesday and found they were left at Modane as we had directed.

We arrived here last Tuesday, having left Paris Saturday evening. When we reached Wirballen, the Russian frontier, on Monday afternoon, we found there would be no sleeping car on our train so we stayed until midnight and took another. It was not disagreeable waiting, however, as we were shown into the imperial apartment. There is a large dining room and a salon, with a room off from it with all toilet conveniences. In the salon was a writing table

with paper, etc. We wrote letters home. A man was detailed to stand at our door. I hardly knew whether we were to consider ourselves princes or convicts.

It is almost impossible to find a furnished apartment, but there is a house on the quay for rent for which we have made an offer. It is not large, but the situation is delightful, and the house very pleasant. It is quite unusual to have a house to oneself, which we should have if we take this. House rent is high, much higher than in Paris or in Rome. It has been cold but to-day is pretty warm, like an early spring day. Lilacs and dandelions are in bloom, and it seems strange after having had strawberries and cherries. The days are very long, the sun sets at about half past nine, and rises between two and three.

*June 14th, 1886.*

We were out last night at twelve, and it was as light as it would be at home at eight, perhaps lighter. Our house seems so cheerless I cannot bear to be in it. When we left, we packed all our belongings, and

our landlady put all the furniture into covers. Empty tables, sofas and chairs standing on a bare floor are not pleasing. We have taken another house for another year; I did think at one time we might go home, but it is better as it is. The lease of this house will expire the 13th of July, and we shall rejoice to bid it adieu; what the other will prove to be, I do not know.

Yesterday we went to St. Isaac's; it was the feast of Pentecost, and the great building was full. The sanctuary opens out of the chancel with great bronzed doors, which are sometimes closed and then opened again. Many priests seem to be behind these doors and to perform a part of the service there. Only those who are directly in front can see what is going on. The chancel was full of people, the singers standing on each side of a space left for the priests. The people below, mostly of the poorer class, crowded up to the railing and leaned on it. One priest read, so near to me, that our elbows touched. Occasionally some priests would go out through the chancel and then through the crowd. The people bowed and crossed

themselves nearly all the time, and kneeled and touched their foreheads repeatedly to the floor when they had room. The singing was beautiful; it seemed as if there must be women, but there were only men and boys. There was a great deal of ceremony, with singing, incense, jewels, etc., but no preaching. At one time, a peasant woman with a handkerchief tied on her head, and carrying a baby rolled in a red comforter, came through the chancel, walked almost to the door of the sanctuary among the priests, and stood bowing and crossing herself. I looked to see if it would create surprise, but it did not. In five minutes, or so, others came with babies and young children, and several bishops came out. One put something into the mouths of the babies and children with a spoon, and another, with holy oil, made crosses on their foreheads. I could not imagine what it meant, but a Russian lady told me afterwards. Russian mothers take their babies and children to communion once or twice a year. When an infant is baptised, confirmation is administered. The bread is made very fine,

and is mixed with the wine for everyone; so even a young baby can take it. I do not wonder the poor people go to church, the buildings are magnificent, and the lovely singing makes up about half of the service. There is warmth and brightness—everything that is beautiful and that appeals to the senses. The people are devout, but I wonder what effect their religion has on their lives.

*July 6th, 1886.*

The town is quite deserted. The streets are torn up to be repaired. The houses are in process of being plastered and washed, for everything here is of stucco, and is white, or yellow, or red washed. When all is in order, the city presents a very imposing appearance; but every summer everything has to be torn up and done over anew.

*July 12th, 1886.*

You have read of Marius, or, any way, of some one sitting among the ruins of Carthage? But he did not feel one half as



discouraged as I do. We moved in the Vassiltchikoff house yesterday. You never saw such a dwelling, not one thing in it, or about it, in order. The roof had to be overhauled, the bells rehung, the keys refitted, but that was no matter for the locks were worthless. The rooms had to be repapered; and I found there had been four or five papers one on top of another. I wish you could see them hang paper. They lay strips on the floor, leaving one edge uncut so as to have a broad lap, then a boy takes a long handled brush and slops a strip with paste, then he hands it to a man who sticks it on. The painting also is clumsy and coarse. The intendant evidently engaged the cheapest kind of workmen. Every house has an intendant or steward who looks after all the business affairs, and seems to be supreme. The repairs ought to have been made before we came in; now the house is full of workmen, and I cannot say a word to any of them, nor to the porters, dvorniks, moujiks, nor even to the butler or housemaid. One man will harangue me in Russian, then go for another one who

will deliver a volley in German, and the woman who is house-cleaning tries Swedish to no purpose. There are three or four rooms which are handsome, and, although the furniture is not one's ideal, it will do, only I should like to send off about three quarters of it. There are more ugly little tables than would furnish a country hotel.

You may ask why we took such a house and pay 7000 roubles for it, which however includes the heating, a great item of expense. Because we could not do better; it is almost impossible to find a furnished house at Petersburg. Then the situation is very delightful. As I look out I do not see any street, but seem to be immediately on the Neva. Just opposite is the fortress and the tall, slender, gilded spire of the church is beautiful. It is the only street I think of where there are no shops. Carts and even droschkies do not come unless they have business. You may see how popular the street is when five grand dukes have their palaces on it, and the Winter Palace and the Hermitage front on it also.

They are paving the street with wood. I

wish you could see the process! A number of men come with crowbars and pry up a bit, then they look at the river and smoke a pipe, and then they pry up a little more. Then they do some digging in the same manner. Afterwards they make trenches in which they lay logs about six feet apart. As the street is not very wide, and is paved with stone for a few feet on each side, logs are taken that go entirely across the centre where the wooden pavement is to be. Then this space between is filled in with earth and broken stone, which they break with a hammer on the spot. Then they lay a wooden floor and mop it with tar, whereupon two men take a log; one measures off the length of a block and the other saws it off. Together they saw off several! Then with a broad axe the blocks are hewn into shape and fitted together. This great street has been so torn up that carriages could not go on it for weeks.

*July 18th, 1886.*

Our new house is small; the girls had hoped we could get a house with a ball

room which is not at all uncommon. Many apartments have them, and they are always open. The entrance door is level with the sidewalk, and there is a *porte cochère*, which is most agreeable, especially when it rains. Inside the door is a small vestibule partitioned out of the hall. The porter shuts the outside door in cold weather before opening the one in the hall. The hall is small and has but three seats for footmen. Back a little way are nine steps that take you up to the stairs. The stairs go up from this landing place. At their foot, at one side, the porter has a table and a big chair. He is always there to open the door, let people out, receive their wraps, take messages, etc. If the house is unoccupied, he is still at his post. The owner of the house employs him, but we pay part of his wages. Back of this hall is an antechamber which admits one to the legation rooms, which are large, light and delightful, having three windows in front, and being sufficiently elevated above the walk to prevent people looking in. There is an open grate in the corner. As this is the room

where your father will spend much of his time, I am glad it is so pleasant. The salon is a nice room 37 x 24 ft. It has a small balcony with two large windows, on each side of it. It is a lovely place in which to sit and look at the river. This room was furnished for a library or study, and is not quite suitable for a salon, but I think it will look very well. Back of this is a reception room which is very pretty. The walls have square panels filled with light green satin brocatelle. The curtains, portières and furniture-covering are of the same stuff. Back of this is a long gallery, rather narrow, with a niche in the middle. It is furnished with the same green furniture and has curtains of light silk. Back of this is a dressing room with a bath tub, which is so covered up you would suppose it to be a sofa. Back of this is my bedroom. The dining room is a very pretty room, but sombre, being fitted with dark wood. It has a broad window with brown silk draperies. Below the legation are the porter's rooms, reached from the outside by stairs in the sidewalk. I know they are dark and dingy, being

partly underground. This description, I fear, is incoherent. I have often thought that if an ingenious Yankee has set himself to contrive a Russian house, he could not have succeeded more admirably. The coachman's room opens out of the court, and is poor, but considered good. There is a stable and a carriage house, also a small ice house. Every apartment, or rather every house, is expected to have a place for ice, though I have never seen ice water on the table.

*July 31st, 1886.*

I dread the coming on of cold weather and short days. The long days when there is hardly any night are delightful. About a week ago, the lamps were lighted in the streets for the first time. I was surprised, for they were hardly needed. Now they are needed by ten o'clock; not that it is very dark, but you feel safer in driving.

We leave on Monday for a trip of three or four days to Narva and Reval, and perhaps to Finland later on. There is a lady here, a Mme. Etholin, a daughter of Ad-

miral Selfridge of our navy, who has married a Finn, and they live in Finland nearly the whole year. They were in town yesterday, and are coming to lunch with us tomorrow, when we will probably arrange to make them a little visit. There are a good many distinguished people here now, but we see nothing of the stir they make, as most of the imperial family and their guests are out at Peterhof. No one stays in Petersburg during the summer. The visitors are the Queen of Greece and her children, the Duchess of Edinburgh and her children and an Archduke and an Archduchess of Austria. I hear that the Empress invited the Queen of Greece to visit their Majesties in their own particular palace. She is the Emperor's cousin, and the Empress' sister-in-law. The Emperor and Empress choose to live in such a small palace that the Queen of Greece had to have a bed put in the Empress' dressing room, which opens out of their Majesties' bedroom. The Emperor's dressing room is on the other side. How her Majesty the Empress, and her other other Majesty the Queen of Greece, made

their toilettes I do not know. I was told that the latter said she had not room enough to turn around. I always hear that the Emperor and Empress are most happy in their family life, and that they are fond of living in a simple manner when they can. As he is an autocrat, the only limit to what he has is his wish. Many people go to Peterhof to see the fountains and illuminations, races, etc., also to see these great people driving; but we have not been.

The other day there was a little prince baptised, son of the younger Grand Duke Constantine. The ceremonial was as splendid, I hear, as such ceremonies are in Russia. It took place at Pavlosk, the summer palace of the Constantines. The Duchess of Edinburgh was to be one of the god-mothers and, like all the Russian ladies present, was to wear the court dress. She left hers here three years ago, when she attended the coronation in Moscow, as, of course, she does not wear it in England. When she went to dress, she found the waist would not come together by about a foot (so the story goes), and she could not be



present at the ceremony. This is nonsense to write, but it amused me.

REVAL, *Aug. 4th, 1886.*

Here we are shut up in the hotel by a pouring rain, which is never pleasant, and certainly not when you want to go sight seeing.

We left St. Petersburg on Monday morning with Gen. Young, our Consul General, and Mr. Prince, an American who has lived in Russia for more than thirty years. We left at half past nine and at two were at Narva. It is a very old town with a history, as there Charles of Sweden and the Great Peter of Russia had a fight. There are fine fortifications and walls and towers in the town. Above the town is a beautiful waterfall which is utilized for manufacturing purposes. A friend of Mr. Prince, Mr. Kinnell, a shrewd old Scotchman, who likewise has been in Russia for more than thirty years, telegraphed him to bring us to luncheon at his house. He has large mills where he manufactures sail cloths, toweling, bags, and some fine linen.

He employs about 1500 work-people, has built a school, and made a most tidy, pleasant place. He is a man of more than eighty years, strong and vigorous. He married when nearly sixty and has a family of seven children. The eldest just twenty-one, a boy, talks with as Scotch an accent as if he had always lived in Scotland. When we went out to luncheon, we sat first at a small table, where we had zakouska, salted herrings (soft and delicious), sardines, radishes, bread and butter and cheese. Then we went to the long table where we had dinner. We were shown the conservatory and grapery, and afterwards, the watermelons and cucumbers in hot beds, and tomatoes trained upon a wall. These last were small and poor.

We were to take the seven o'clock boat to Hungerburg, but were too late, so had to hire a carriage and four. I am sure you will think of us as traveling in style, but it was nothing of the kind. Our carriage was an antique and our horses rough animals, harnessed abreast; it took us two hours to go ten miles, as the roads were

sandy. We went through two or three villages. A Russian village means a collection of peasants' houses; the landed proprietor having his home quite apart. These houses are brown, never painted, thatched, with moss on the roof, weather beaten, with very small windows, generally of four panes. They must be very dark, especially in winter. The houses are close to the street, and, as there are no trees, are not very attractive. At one place there was a gate across the road to keep the village horses from straying. Hungerburg, which we reached at eleven o'clock, is on the gulf of Finland, and is a summer resort. We went just out of it to an hotel, where the beds were the narrowest I ever saw, and so hard, that even after all our fatigue, we could not sleep. Before leaving the next morning, I went down to the beach at the ladies' hour and saw two ladies go in the water. They undressed in a bath house and went to the water with large bath towels around them, then they simply dropped them and went into the water. I have heard that the common people go into the bath, men, women

and children together, with no clothing. Much is said of the dirt of the Russian peasant, but his religion requires him to take a bath once a week. To be sure he puts on his dirty old sheepskin again, still it is better than never to bathe.

After leaving Hungerburg in another old rattletrap with two horses, we drove through pine woods near the sea, then through two towns (summer resorts with cottages), then through a higher country, which was beautiful; by which I mean a fine, high, fertile country, not unlike western New York, with the sea in the distance. I think we drove fifteen miles to a place called Waiwera (Vivara) for the W's are pronounced as V's. Here we found we had more than an hour to wait for the train, and Gen. Young, who is an old soldier, tried to get something to eat. There was nothing whatever at the station, and he found nothing except some black bread and some skimmed milk at the village tailor's, yes, a few cucumbers growing on the vines, which he took. The railway stations in Russia are very good and very neat, with trees and

flowers about them. Generally excellent meals are furnished, but this was such a small place there was no provision made. We came to Reval at nine last night, and I am happy to say got good accommodations. This is a very old town, settled about the year 1200 A. D. The centre of the town is very high, circular in shape, the houses being built on the edge of a very high wall, either of natural, or of made rock, and are very old and quaint. The province of Esthonia was, I believe, conquered by Peter the Great. The language is different from any other; the religion is Lutheran. I am told the Esthonians regard themselves as superior to the Russians, i. e., to the Russians of other nationalities.

ST. PETERSBURG, *Aug. 22nd, 1886.*

I intend leaving for Paris a week from Tuesday. Your father thinks it rather foolish, but there are so many reasons why I need to go, I have decided to do so. Our plans are for the girls and myself to leave the 25th of September to go home, although H. may stay where she is until December.

We shall have a busy three weeks in Paris, for time slips away very fast when one is shopping.

We went to say good-bye to Gen. Young, the Consul General, who leaves for the United States. He has never liked his office here, and besides says he has never felt well; thinks this a dreadful climate. I doubt if he ever returns. On our way home we stopped at the Church of Our Lady of Kasan, but, as the crowd and the smell were so great, we only stayed a little while.

Thursday, a week ago, we went to Finland to make a visit at Captain Etholin's. Going first about eight hours from Petersburg by rail, Captain Etholin's carriage took us fifteen versts, or a little more than ten miles, to a place called Peippola, belonging to him. Here we had coffee, and waited for some fresh horses, then went fifteen versts farther to Tavastby where they live. A good deal of these thirty versts were on his own land and through his own villages. He owns between thirty and forty thousand acres of land. There are about six hundred peasants on his estate. Much

of the land is let to them; they pay him in work, and he has a right to hire them for additional days if he chooses, paying for a man and horse something less than half a dollar a day; I believe it is twenty-five cents. He cultivates, himself, two thousand acres of land, and has in all about eight thousand acres under cultivation. Much of his land is forest, and much is covered with boulders. Their house is large and pleasant, and is situated on a lake. The Captain's mother, his two sisters each with her children, a niece, an elderly lady on a visit, the governesses, and Captain and Mme. Etholin and their son, were present when we came—all the guests but one or two spending the summer. It must be a hard life for the mistress, for she has to be friend, advisor, doctor, etc., to all the peasants. These last are so poor, and the doctor is so far away, she must take care of them. She must see, also, after the Christmas of those who are too poor to provide for themselves. It is a marvel she does not seem worn out with care.

The servants are hired in Finland for

one year. On midsummer's day, or on some other summer's day, they meet at the church (not in it) of each parish, and are engaged for a year beginning the next November. Many of Capt. Etholin's servants have been long in his employ; some for fifty-five years, but more for shorter terms, of course. Those too old to work are always cared for. We spent most of the time out of doors. One day we drove over the home place, driving twenty-five versts to see some rapids; here we had five-o'clock tea, by the river side, and saw men fish with nets. We bought an eighteen-pound salmon, and then drove home to supper. The next day we went in two boats about twenty versts to see some other rapids, and had dinner in the open air. We inspected the house of a rich peasant where we stopped. The peasants bake rye bread in large round cakes, perhaps nine inches in diameter and two inches thick, with a hole in the centre. These are strung up on a pole hung up in the kitchen for six months or a year. Capt. Etholin said he had seen this bread two years old, so hard it had to be cut with a hatchet.



They like it hard, and, I believe, think it is better so; at all events, it is their custom so to have it. We sat out of doors with our work, walked in the woods, and were out nearly all the time. This is one of the striking differences between the customs here and at home. People eat out of doors (in the country, of course). They have often great verandahs where they take their meals, and here they sit and read and work as much as possible. I presume it is because they are shut up so long in the winter; but I think we might learn a lesson from them; we go out too little.

PARIS, *Sep. 9th, 1886.*

Mr. Melchers, who painted A.'s and H.'s portraits, heard so much about A.'s not being good, he proposed to paint another one, and came from Holland for that purpose. I said I thought it was too much, but he protested that his professional reputation was at stake, and that he was anxious to try again. Of course it is an opportunity, as he is a very good artist and has made an excellent name here; but it is a great labor

for A. to pose every day when the weather is so hot, and we have so much to do. I left home the 31st of August with Lieut. Buckingham, our naval attaché, and a Mme. Verry, a most agreeable woman. They stopped at Berlin, and I came on to Paris alone, the girls meeting me at the station. Before I left home the weather was quite cool and we had fires two or three times—little fires in a grate. The day we reached Berlin it was so hot it seemed as if we could not endure it. Since coming here the weather is too warm for comfort.

The political situation is very exciting; it looks as if the continent of Europe might be involved in war, as all the nations are on the watch, ready for attack or defense. It appears sometimes as if every one in Russia was engaged in preparing for war, the city of St. Petersburg is one great barrack. When I see the officers, soldiers and priests I wonder who are left to do the work. What a spectacle it is, that of these nations training their men to kill men, spending their money on weapons of destruction, bringing their talents to the manufacture of

deadly weapons, and, apparently, thinking of little else.

*Sept. 13th, 1886.*

As I cannot sleep, I am writing in bed before any one is awake. My pen is horrid and refuses absolutely to dot the i's without repeated efforts.

Yesterday we went with la Marquise de Cadusch and her daughters to Suresnes, to see M. Worth's place. She has always known M. Worth, and has been a good customer of his. We went in a very democratic way as we walked down to the boat, which is crowded on Sundays. It was interesting to see the large numbers of boats, cars, wagons, carriages, etc., crowded with people taking their Sunday holiday. Everywhere people were bent on pleasure; they sat in restaurants that look like bowers, on the sidewalks at little round tables, on the grass with their baskets of luncheon—wherever they could enjoy the open air. Of course the great people were all out of town. We came home a little after six by the light of a full moon, and such a crowd! At St.

Cloud, I think, two or three thousand persons were waiting to get on the boats. I was frightened lest our little craft should be swamped, but only a certain number at a time is allowed on board. When we got to the village of Suresnes, we walked some distance up a steep street and then came to a gate in a high wall, which admitted us to M. Worth's place. Inside everything was so beautiful I was quite surprised. The place is very ornate, and is most original. The ground rises very rapidly. So, after walking along a winding path, we came to a broad and long flight of stairs. A conservatory with beautiful ferns and palms is near the entrance. On the other side is a strip of velvety lawn with large trees, palms, and a multitude of plants. There is also a ruin (brought from the palace of the Tuileries) and a great fountain, many pavilions, and I know not what. The house itself, as a house, has no distinction. We went up three long steps to a beautiful pavilion, where we found M. and Mme. Worth. I hoped I would not allude to the "shop" in the midst of all this magnificance,

but M. Worth spoke of it at once, and often after during our stay. After sitting a little while, Mme. Worth carried off the girls to show them something and M. Worth told me that Mrs. Langtry was coming, and that he hoped I would not object, as he did not know that we would call to-day. I told him I should be glad to meet Mrs. Langtry, as I had never seen her off the stage. After a while Mme. de Cadusch took us into the house and over it. I wish I could describe it; it is most bewildering. The rooms are low, and are filled with beautiful stuffs, fine porcelains, etc. We went into two rooms, then through a conservatory (which is part of the house), then into a dining-room, then into a tea-room off from the conservatory, then into a salon, and into a billiard room. There are many pretty nooks and unexpected places, on different levels, all unlike anything I had ever seen before. The sleeping rooms upstairs are splendid, and are full of the most luxurious and beautiful things. M. Worth's room should be used by an Emperor. He has a passion for plates; there are 10,000 of them (more or

less), in the ceilings, on the walls, on the pillars of the salon, everywhere. At every turn we saw something lovely, curtains with rare lace and embroideries, chairs covered with splendid stuffs of odd and novel designs.

We went into the beautiful tea-room for five o'clock tea, Mme. de Cadusch, Mrs. Langtry and her brother, and ourselves. The tablecloth, with heavy fine lace, was laid over black. The china was old Sevres, 113 years old (Mme. de Cadusch asked about it), the silver was superb antique silver, and the cakes were very nice. A dish of fruit (the silver dish very handsome), of pears, peaches, and black and white grapes, splendid enough to take the prize at a fair, was on the table. Mme. Worth was handsomely dressed. She wore sapphires set in diamonds, and seemed very kind and amiable. Mrs. Langtry is as beautiful off as on the stage, and was dressed in a black lace dress, open a little at the neck. She wore a black velvet hat with yellow pompons, and no jewelry. Her manners are attractive, and she speaks French of course perfectly.

Mme. Worth does not speak, nor understand, English. Her grandchild, a lovely little girl of seven or eight years old, was with her.

*Sept. 24th, 1886.*

Last Sunday we went out to Soisy to spend the day at the place of Baron de Santos, the Portuguese minister in Petersburg. I was especially glad to go, as I wanted to see something of French country life. The place is very handsome; it is near the village of Soisy, which it overlooks, with the Seine in the distance. The house is large and pleasant, with lovely grounds. The de Santos only stay there six weeks in the year. Her footman is an old servant, whom the Baroness has pensioned, and who lives at Soisy, but she hires a coachman, carriage and horses there, as, when she kept her own, they were not well cared for in her absence. We had a delicious luncheon, also dinner, some neighbors being invited to dine with us. She took us to drive and we called on a neighbor; so we saw something of country life in France. We left at half-

past nine, and had an hour by train, and a long drive to our house. The train stopped continually, probably on account of the Sunday excursionists, and the carriage we took had the slowest horse imaginable! If we had been told a year ago we should ever be driving through Paris alone at midnight, we would never have believed it.

ST. PETERSBURG, *Nov. 14th, 1886.*

The dull season still continues, but people are coming back, and I suppose there will soon be something going on. We dined out last night, and the night before we went to a reception at Sir Robert Morier's. We shall have to have three or four dinners very soon which I rather dread, but it is necessary to do one's part. The greatest drawback is that our dining-room is so small.

It is surprising to see how many changes there have been in the diplomatic corps since we came. The Belgian minister has been here twenty years (the longest of any member of the corps), and there are some diplomats who have been here eight, six



or five years; but the whole English Embassy (which is a large one) has been changed, not even a secretary left. So also has been the French Embassy.

There is a new minister from Greece, Prince Mavrocordato. I saw his wife and daughter this afternoon for the first time. She is a big woman for such a small country, a head taller than her husband, but she is very fine looking. They all speak English. I hear there have never been so many ladies in the corps as this year. Happily some of the diplomats do not bring their wives; the Turkish ambassador had not seen his wife for eight years, until lately, when he was called home on business. The Turks are never allowed to take their wives with them when they go on foreign missions. If the Chinese and Persians have any wives, we never see nor hear of them. The Japanese minister has gone home for a year, and the *Chargé d'Affaires*, Baron Iwakura, has a wife. She speaks only a half dozen words of French, so it is impossible to talk to her, as no one knows Japanese. What a lonely time she must have. The Baron

speaks English, and has been in the United States. They live handsomely, and dress like all the rest of the world. The members of the diplomatic corps in Petersburg are, as a rule, united and very friendly, and see a great deal of one another.

*Nov. 21st, 1886.*

When this reaches you, you will have had your Thanksgiving, a pleasant one, I hope. As I wrote we have to have several dinners, and, without remembering that Thursday next would be Thanksgiving, we sent out invitations for that day; so we will have to have our feast with strangers. I am glad it happens so. I suppose the proper thing would be to have Americans at dinner, but I do not know enough of them here to invite.

I think there is a great deal of feeling about the Bulgarian question; the Russians did not like Lord Salisbury's speech, of course. Things are not talked of openly and published in the papers as at home, so it is difficult to find out the situation of affairs. For this reason, it is not, per-

haps, strange, on the other hand, that our papers publish such absurd Russian stories. People in Russia do not discuss the Emperor and Empress, much less criticise affairs of state, or the government, which seems strange to a people as free as we are to express our opinions.

*Nov. 27th, 1886.*

Perhaps you would like to hear of our Thanksgiving dinner. We had M. and Mme. de Giers; they are very pleasant. I went out, of course, with M. de Giers, and proposed to him, in case he did not like my bad French, to speak English. He protested, and said he could not speak English, to his great regret. One of the things he remarked was that war is dreadful, and that he is always for peace. General Schweinitz, the doyen of the corps diplomatique, a most charming man, with an American wife, who is now absent with her eight children. The Count d' Errembault de Duzeele, minister from Belgium, the doyen of the ministers. His wife, an Austrian Countess, was not well enough to come. Le

Baron and La Baronne de Santos; I am extremely fond of Mme. de Santos. M. de Stootwegen, minister from Holland, and his wife, M. Ghica, minister from Roumania. Chevalier Dogliotti of the Italian Embassy. Baron Wachen of the Embassy of Austria-Hungary. M. Iswolsky,<sup>1</sup> a Russian, formerly Secretary of Legation at Washington. And Madame Baratinsky, of whom I have spoken before. She has been intimate all her life with high personages, is a great favorite of the Russian imperial family, and is a friend of the Emperor of Germany and his family. When recently she passed through Berlin, on her way home from Baden, the old Emperor, I am told, visited her at her hotel, an honor reserved for royalties. She is very clever, and has charming, gracious manners—so winning and fascinating, it is more than a pleasure to meet her. I quite approve of good morals, but one of the things most to be desired is good manners; they outlast even the mental faculties; and how charming they are! I felt most grateful to Mme. Baratinsky for com-

<sup>1</sup> At present minister of Foreign Affairs.

ing to my dinner, but she thanked me for the pleasure our "beautiful and brilliant dinner" had given her, as if all the pleasure had been hers.

*Nov. 28th, 1886.*

Cold weather has come, but not very cold; at ten o'clock yesterday morning the thermometer was at 19 degrees. There is enough snow for good sledging, which will probably last until April. There was no ice in the Neva yesterday, but to-day there is a good deal coming down, and in a day or two the river will be closed. The two bridges have been swung back to the shore. These are very long, and are very firm and steady. They have car tracks laid on them and are, I believe, built on great boats. When the river is frozen, the ice will be cut away and they will be swung back into position again. It must be a great inconvenience to have them useless. In a little while there will be many roads across the ice, lined with trees and street lamps.

There is a rumor that the Empress will pass the winter at Cannes with her son,

but I have heard it denied. If she should go, there will be no court balls, nor any court festivities, which will be disappointing to many people.

*Dec. 5th, 1886.*

Last Sunday much ice was coming down the river, but the pieces were small and thin. The bridges were swung back, supposing the winter had come, as telegrams had been received that the ice was flowing. Then there was a general thaw and it has been foggy and disagreeable all the week. The people hope for cold weather, and will be glad when it comes to stay.

I never saw streets kept as well as they are here. A good deal of snow fell, and, although there was a thaw, there was a foundation of ice and snow that made the streets look dirty. This was dug up with pick-axes, and the pavements were swept clean.

Last night A. went to dine at General Kioer's to take the place of a lady who could not go. Who do you suppose took her out to dinner? No less a person than



THE EMPRESS  
MARIE FÉODOROVNA





General Kaulbars,<sup>1</sup> who has done his share lately in filling the newspapers. He is very agreeable, very flattering and talkative, not in the least ferocious. One of the English secretaries begged her to find out all about Bulgaria and his views of things. I only heard that he considers the Bulgarians know how to misrepresent affairs. European politics are much more interesting when you are near the scene of action. I hope peace will be preserved, as it takes so many men and so much money even to be prepared for war. It seems to me that international politics is like a game of chess. One move makes necessary another, and the last may plunge Europe into a general conflict.

*Dec. 12th, 1886.*

The principal gayety now is dinners. Last Monday we dined at the German Embassy, a dinner of thirty-three people. The Ambassadors at Petersburg keep up a great deal of state, even if they are not well off. It is not thought to be proper for them to

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards in command of the 3rd Manchurian army.

save any of their salaries. They are expected to entertain, and to do credit to their respective countries. When we arrived there were a host of servants in very showy liveries, also a great number in black, with knee breeches, pumps, etc. There was a distinguished party; the men wore lots of decorations and the ladies handsome jewels. I do not think such a dinner is particularly delightful, but it is a handsome sight. Madame von Schweinitz is not here this winter. She is with her children in Germany, and, I fear, will not return.

Captain Etholin came in to-day to lunch with us. We were speaking of Russian cooking, which is, I believe, peculiar. I have never really seen it, as in Petersburg, generally, the cuisine is French. He told us of a luncheon given to a number of gentlemen which he went to last week. It began at twelve o'clock and lasted until nine in the evening. They began with zakouska and several glasses of vodka. Zakouska consists of caviare, very salt herrings, ham, olives, and a great many other dishes, enough for a dinner in itself. This is eaten

standing; after it people go to table. At this luncheon they began about three or four o'clock to smoke, and until nine o'clock dishes of food were handed; and there was much drinking. I think the upper class of Russians is most luxurious and extravagant. He told us of a man of high rank who has no great fortune, yet who gave a dinner, the other day, that is said to have cost several thousand dollars. I have inquired often where the money comes from, and have been told that the government is the gold mine.

*Dec. 19th, 1886.*

A strong wind has made the water in the river very high, and yesterday afternoon and this morning cannon have been fired at intervals from the fortress to warn the people whose dwellings may be flooded. It seems strange to see the richest people living in the same houses with the poorest. In Paris, struggling artists and sewing women sometimes live in the attics, while rich people live in the stories below; but here the very poorest live in the cellars of the houses of the very rich. I do not think the poor

are much seen or heard. It must be dreadful to be turned out by a flood; but the people do not seem to mind it; they have little to move, and they get in somewhere else. It cannot be good for the health of the city.

We dined last Monday with the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires, Baron Iwakura. All the Japanese I have seen are small; the Baron and his wife are very small. The house is furnished like other houses here, and they dress in European style. After dinner we saw their baby of three months of age, a good sized, healthy boy. He looked very queer with his oblique eyes and dark skin. The Baroness brought in and showed us seven or eight of her native dresses, which were very handsome. It must be delightful to have dresses made so simply, and to have no worry about the fit of them. The red silk trousers are so wide they must look like a skirt when worn. The dresses were of rich materials, one of red satin with figures woven in, one of pink with black and silver figures, one of scarlet crape with flowers and designs in gold embroidery, one of black crape, one of grey

crape, one of crimson crape, etc., all profusely embroidered. I read that the Empress of Japan has just assumed the European dress, as have also the ladies of her court. I think they will regret it.

We went to a good and delightful dinner at the minister's from Holland. Then we had a dinner ourselves, which, happily, went off very well. After dinner, I went with A. to a reception at the Portuguese minister's, where there was dancing. Yesterday was our reception day, and we had thirty-six calls. So you see the social activity is beginning to revive after the long dull season.

We do not talk about our plans, but I feel pretty sure your father will resign next summer. I see now, more than I could before coming, how bad it is for the service to have the American minister change so often; but, I suppose, a man cannot be expected to sacrifice himself continually. The girls will be sorry, and I shall be glad for some, and sorry for other, reasons. Fortunately I shall not have to decide the question.

*Dec. 26th, 1886.*

I have seen something this week that I had not seen before—a Russian funeral. Baroness Jomini died last Sunday suddenly of disease of the heart. On Monday and Tuesday there were prayers at the house, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at eight in the evening. It is expected that all the friends of the family shall go at least once. All the ladies go in black; the gentlemen in uniform, or evening dress, with their decorations. One English officer went in his scarlet coat. I think Baron Jomini shook hands with all when they came in, and when they left, thanking them for coming. In a room where were the priests and singers the coffin was placed on a catafalque, standing on something black. The coffin was of red velvet with much gold, and had great yellow and gold tassels of silk at each corner. The body lay high in the coffin so as to be seen. Over the coffin, well drawn up on the face, was a great gorgeous yellow cover of silk with brocaded figures, having tassels at the corners. Every one stood while the priests chanted the prayers, and

the boys sang the responses. At one part of the service every one was given a lighted candle to hold. People sent wreaths of flowers, as they do at home, although there are very few flowers to be had in Petersburg.

On Wednesday we went to the funeral, which was held at a convent a long distance away. This convent, a very large institution, has a great church placed in immense grounds. It is expected that the family and intimate friends will follow the hearse on foot, and I suppose Baron Jomini and the others must have walked more than two miles in the road, through loose snow. Our sleigh joined the procession, as did those of many others. The funeral car was black, drawn by six horses entirely covered with black cloth. Men, dressed in black, walked at each side, carrying lighted candles in some things that looked like street lamps with handles. On the car was the coffin with the cover over it. Over the car was a great canopy, very high, of red and gold. On the very top was a gold crown, at the corners were crimson and yellow plumes.

In the body of the church was placed a platform of black, with steps leading to three degrees of heights. On the top, the coffin, with its beautiful yellow cover, was placed. The canopy was brought in and put over it, and the lid of the coffin was removed. The service lasted two hours or more, consisting nearly all of singing. As it was at a convent, the nuns sang. The music was beautiful. Of course, there was no organ. One of the nuns came down and put a strip of paper on the forehead of the deceased, with, I was told, an inscription from the Bible. There was a veil of tulle over her head and face. At two different times the great open-work brass doors that shut off the sanctuary were closed, then a blue silk curtain was drawn behind them, then they were opened again; ceremonies which I could not understand. Then five or six priests came down and stood around the coffin, and there were many prayers, a sermon, and much incense; and the ceremonies in the church were over. No, the family and friends went up and kissed the face and hands of



the deceased. I saw several poor women kiss her hands.

I did not go into the cemetery. I heard they stood for more than half an hour in the snow by the grave. Think of a man of seventy years of age, after all the fatigue at home, walking two or three miles, standing in the church for more than two hours, then standing in the snow at the grave! I do not see how Baron Jomini could support it. I had hoped that I might witness a funeral of some great personage in Russia, but was most sorry that I should see this one of Baroness Jomini. She was very kind and friendly, and I shall miss her greatly.

*Jan. 2nd, 1887.*

We went on Wednesday to a concert for the Red Cross Society under the patronage of the Grand Duchess Alexandra, wife of Grand Duke Constantine. Tickets are sent to every member of the diplomatic corps, and there is a feeling that they cannot be returned. In the Foreign Office there is a large suite of handsome rooms where the

ministers give state dinners, etc.; these were used for the concert. When the Grand Duchess arrived she went into the hall, and we all followed. The ambassadors and their wives, the ministers and their wives, and others of the diplomatic corps, were given seats near her, towards the front. No doubt it was a great honor, but it was too near to hear the music to advantage. There were singing, recitations, little comedies, etc., all well done by professional actors who gave their services. There were three parts, and, at each intermission, every one walked about and partook of refreshments. When the Grand Duchess sat down, every one sat; when she rose, every one rose; when she approached, every one made a reverence. She was very amiable and talked to us and thanked us for coming. As I seem to be writing nonsense, I will tell you how she was dressed, as her jewels (the ones she wore) are renowned. She wore a pearl grey satin dress with flowers in darker shades of grey, much of the front made of lace, with sleeves of lace, neck cut square and a long train. In her hair she had two

rows of superb pearls, and some jewels with which to fasten them. Around her neck were seven rows of pearls, many of them tight and high, others longer. On her arms were many rows of pearls, some hanging loose, and she had two long strings with which to hold her eyeglass. This was of gold with a long handle, set thick with diamonds. Around her neck was a string of pearls, reaching to her waist, the most enormous I have ever seen. Between each large pearl was a small one, and one larger than the rest was set as a brooch. I was glad to have seen the finest pearls in all the world to such good advantage.

*Jan. 9th, 1887.*

The weather is somewhat colder, fortunately, for there had been something of a thaw.

Thursday was Russian Christmas, which we passed quietly enough, except in the evening. M. Wurts had a Christmas tree celebration, to which he invited some twenty people whom he knew well. We went at eleven o'clock, and when all were assem-

bled, we were shown a handsome tree lighted and laden with presents for all. People also sent gifts for some of those who were present. After twelve we had supper. Mr. Wurts sent the tree to us the next morning, and we had it put up in the legation rooms and redecorated it for some children, who thought it the most beautiful thing in the world. We had six children of Mr. Wurts' butler, one of our butler, one of our cook, four of our Swiss, one of the Swiss next door, and all the servants and their wives and husbands, when there were any. The children were delighted with the tree, and overjoyed with their toys, candies, and presents. The servants here always kiss your hand to acknowledge a favor, and we were very much amused by a little girl, who, after having kissed our hands, passed them on to her little brothers, lest they should forget to do so. When we left they had a substantial feast, and danced a little—doing just what they liked.

*Jan. 23rd, 1887.*

Last Tuesday we went to the blessing of the waters, but, as I have described it before,

I will not do so again. I was quite as much impressed with the ceremony this year as last, as the spectacle is truly magnificent. Everything is gorgeous; the robes of the priests, the uniforms of the officers, and the costumes and decorations of the officials!

Almost every man in Russia is in the army. As a young man of a certain rank becomes older he is, as a matter of course, an officer. In an assemblage, you hardly see the plain coat of a civilian. What can one think of the prosperity of a country where there is an army of priests, where a great majority of the people are soldiers, and where all the gentlemen are officers! It would be strange indeed if it were not poor. The French ambassador had his reception on Wednesday night, a very brilliant affair, as all the men went in uniform. One old general, I noticed, was very fortunate in having a vast expanse of front for his innumerable decorations. The ladies had fine jewels and rich dresses. Last night I went to a dance with the girls, and got home at half-past four. To-morrow night and the next there are more dances, and on

Thursday will be the first, the big court ball. I think by the last of February all the dancing will be ended; much has to be compressed into a very short time.

*Jan. 30th, 1887.*

There is but one more day in January, the winter is wearing away. The weather is surprising, as there have been but two cold days when the thermometer fell below zero. Recently there has been a thaw and the streets have been wet and sloppy. The river looks as if it were covered with water. It is forlorn to have such weather, as Petersburg requires snow and cold; then it is gay and delightful.

The first court ball took place last Thursday, and was as magnificent as anything of the kind could be. Not only were all the rooms lighted by electricity, but even the superb candelabra on the supper tables were fitted for electric light. These were of solid silver, the ones on the Empress' table being of pure gold. The Empress wore a lovely dress of pale yellow silk and her wonderful diamonds. They are so large they would

not be handsome worn by any other person, as, in that case, they would not be supposed to be real. The grand duchesses all wore magnificent jewels, and many other ladies had handsome ones. The Empress wore four rows of diamonds around her neck, with pendants in front and at the back, a beautiful tiara, in which the splendid stones were set open with just enough silver to hold them together; brooches all around the neck of her dress, two of them, at least, consisting of single stones of incredible size, and diamond ornaments on her skirt. She was a blaze of splendor. A great many superb bracelets are worn. I think that jewels must be much cheaper here than at home. There will, I hear, be five court balls to which we are to be invited; there were but four last year. Some of us will have to wear our dresses twice, and, I hear, the Empress sets the example by not always appearing in a new dress.

Since coming to Petersburg we have never been tempted to go out on Sunday evening. Sunday, you know, is the favorite day for theatres, operas, ballets and

dances. It never occurs to any one that objection could be made to going to a place of amusement on that day. We were invited to a dance for to-night, and the girls would have liked to accept the invitation, but their father did not wish them to do so. He said that, while he was not strait-laced in the observance of Sunday, he could not forget the way in which he had been brought up. How little we can please people! Some Presbyterian friends at home think we do not keep the day strictly enough, while the Russians are no doubt surprised at our bigotry.

We are to have a dinner to-morrow. I shall be glad when it is over. Our dining-room is so small, it is troublesome to serve a dinner; then there is no proper pantry. How the servants get on as they do I cannot tell. Probably they are not used to having things convenient.

*March 23rd, 1887.*

The weather is bright and clear, but the ice and snow melt in the sun. You have of course, read of the attempt to assassinate



the Emperor. We hear little of it here, but read of it in the English papers. It is distressing that there should be such miscreants! I often think of the Empress, and of how sad it must make her, for she is a devoted wife. She brings, I am sure, to her exalted station all the virtues that could adorn a woman.

They had last week a Carrousel (in which A. rode), a description of which I think may interest you. The "Chevaliers Gardes" is the regiment of the Empress, and she is its chief. The officers are of high position and usually are rich, so that all their appointments are handsome. They have every year in the *manège*, where the officers exercise in winter, a Carrousel, in which twelve or fourteen ladies and gentlemen ride. The *manège* was beautifully decorated with helmets, cuirasses, flags, plants, etc., but the carpet was the most beautiful thing of all. Around the edges of the great open space was a border of dirt, perhaps ten feet wide; the rest was covered with what appeared to be an India carpet, with a broad fringe. One corner

seemed to be folded over, and although I knew of what the carpet was made, I could hardly believe it was not a real rug. It is made, they say, of colored sawdust, but it must have been mixed with something to make it stick together, for otherwise the designs would not have retained their sharp outlines. The ground of the centre was a brownish yellow, but the figures were of all colors, as were also the borders. Of course it was spoiled at once by the riding. I should think there were two or three hundred people invited, the Empress and the imperial family occupying a gallery at one end of the building.

When every one had assembled and the imperial family had arrived, the doors at the opposite end, leading to the stables, were opened, and in came two trumpeters on white horses. The horses of the regiment itself are bay, and very handsome. Then four officers appeared in beautiful scarlet and silver uniforms, wearing brass helmets with great eagles on top. Then came the riders, the ladies, of course, in habits and silk hats, the officers in white and

silver uniforms with saddle cloths of scarlet. They advanced half way when the trumpets sounded. On approaching the imperial party, half of them went down one, and half the other, side—the ladies bowing to the Empress, and the officers drawing their swords to salute her. Thereupon the band played a polonaise, which was performed by the riders; then the trumpeters and the four officers withdrew. The evolutions were performed to most lovely music. They danced quadrilles and all sorts of dances that were very graceful and pretty. The evolutions lasted for nearly two hours; thereafter we had tea and refreshments, and it was gay and pleasant. Afterwards the musicians and dancing men (privates) entered in white uniforms, and they sang their national songs and danced their national dances. Shall I be weak enough to tell you that some of the officers and many other people said that A. rode best of all the ladies? Even mothers, whose daughters rode, were kind enough to say so—which I thought most amiable.

*April 17th, 1887.*

This is Easter Sunday, a day of great rejoicing with the Russians. I should think they would be glad that the severe fast of Lent is ended. Generally they do not refrain from amusements as there is a constant round of them, but there is no dancing, no ballet or opera. They have amateur theatricals, routs, dinners and receptions, and are as gay as ever, but they do not dance—which must be a great penance. The last week, however, they fast very rigorously, and go to church twice a day.

We went last night at half-past eleven to the service at St. Isaac's. The immense church was crowded with people, all standing. We had seats in the chancel, and were very comfortable. At first the church was dark, not absolutely so, but with only the candles lighted before pictures and altars. Then every one in the great crowd lighted and held a wax taper, which made a very pretty sight. Then the candles in the various chandeliers were lighted by setting fire to a string that was connected with them. From one candle a string was carried away

up to the dome which lighted a row of candles there, so far away, they looked like a round line of light. Something, which, I think, was intended for the tomb of Christ, was on an elevated stage in the centre of the church, and about it were many singers and priests. The greater part of the service was performed there. A space was kept open from it to the sanctuary by lines of soldiers of one of the guard regiments, dressed in white, red and gold uniforms. The choir sang nearly all the time, and the service consisted in innumerable crossings and bowings,—priests going to and fro, incensing and sprinkling everything with holy water, carrying banners, crosses and other gorgeous objects. When it was ended, every one went up to kiss the priests. I had thought that all the people kissed one another, but it was not so. I saw no kissing except that of the people kissing the priests. As we were going out, a Russian lady told me that in half an hour the mass would begin and would last two hours. As we got home at half past one, you may imagine how late the people remained. They had probably been

standing at least an hour before we arrived.

The Emperor and Empress came in from Gatchina for mass at the Winter Palace, which, I am told, is a beautiful sight, the ladies attending in court dress with all their jewels, and the officers in uniform. A lady who was going to the chapel of the Grand Duke Constantine, and who had attended before, said that the Grand Duchess wore all her magnificent jewels, and that every one was in finest array; that at two o'clock they had supper. I think every one has a supper after the service. This is the festival most esteemed of all the year. It is wonderful to see the quantities of eggs, of all kinds and sizes, of jewels, stones, porcelain, wood, sugar, of everything that can be made into the shape of an egg. It is the custom at this season to send presents usually of things in the shape of eggs. Last night cannon were fired at the termination of the masses (the hour of the Resurrection) and to-day the city is dressed with flags.

On the 25th of March, the festival of the Annunciation (Russian date), we attended the fête of the Gardes à Cheval, the Em-

peror's regiment, in their immense *manège*. There is very little room for spectators in the building; so we were very much pleased to be invited. On entering the *manège* every lady was presented with a handsome bouquet. We stood on an elevated stage on one side of the entrance. In the centre of the building, at the right, was the Empress' box, large enough for the grand duchesses as well. On each side were lines of cadets, not the gentleman pages, but the sons of soldiers of the regiment, who are supported and educated by the government. They were of all sizes, some very small. Nearer us was a group of military attachés of the diplomatic corps, some grand dukes and other great people. On the left side, in two lines, were the soldiers of the regiment in white coats (trimmed with red and gold), dark trousers, top boots, brass cuirasses and helmets with gold eagles on top. At the stroke of noon, the Emperor and Empress entered; she went around to her box, and he shook hands with the grand dukes and saluted others. Then, followed by this brilliant retinue, he walked all around the *manège*, returning the salutes

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of the soldiers. They cheered and cheered him again. The band played the grand Russian national hymn as their majesties entered. In the centre of the *manège* were altars with attendant priests in gorgeous robes, and choirs. The Emperor and suite went near, and the religious service began. At its conclusion the priests and the choirs left, and, the altars being removed, there was a parade. There was a carpet similar to the one I have previously described. It was an Aubusson carpet, with flowers and festoons of ribbons, shaded like a painting.

We went last evening to an entertainment which I will describe, as it was very handsome. Prince Volkonsky has a high position, and his wife, the Princess, is a very *grande dame*; they have three unmarried sons and a daughter in society. The entertainment was amateur theatricals. We went before ten o'clock, and up stairs of course. At the top of them, in an antechamber, the Princess received us, and we went on to the salon. After a little, tea was passed (this is always done, although not always at this time) and trays with cakes heaped upon



them. A while after, there was a movement towards the theatre. There was first a large salon, then one so large that, when we had called, we thought it must be the ball room. Then we went into a lofty ball room in white and gold. Along the whole length of this room was a buffet. Then we went into a smaller room, from which were doors leading to other rooms, then into a very long and large room, like a library, with beautiful tapestries, pictures, etc., then into another small room from which other rooms opened, then to the theatre. This was very large and lofty, and was very handsomely decorated. I noticed that pieces of mother of pearl were let into the floor in the designs of the parquet. The theatre was lighted with gas, still there were handsome great chandeliers filled with wax candles, with threads ready to light. The stage was large and the scenery excellent. When all the company was seated, the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge, the Princess Engénie of Oldenburg, and the Grand Dukes Vladimer and Alexis came in. Then the curtain rose, and the play began. It was in Russian, one of their

great poems (Poushkin's), and was acted by the three young Princes Volkonsky and two other gentlemen, and was wonderfully well done. When the curtain went down, every one went out to the buffet, then we returned to see a French play in three acts, also very well acted. Between the acts, ices, drinks, etc., were handed; and, after all was ended, there was supper at the buffet. It was a splendid entertainment. They had an orchestra somewhere back of the theatre, to play at intervals. The rooms were decorated with plants and flowers. The Empress was expected, but unfortunately did not come.

To-morrow evening the girls and I are going to a concert in the *manège* of the Gardes à Cheval for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, Tuesday we are invited to Mme. de Giers, and Thursday we are rash enough to have a dance in our small house.

*April 26th, 1887.*

The day was so bright and fine that we walked down to the Hermitage, and looked at some of the pictures. The river is as blue

as possible, and the walk down the quay is charming. The palace of the Hermitage is really beautiful; I mean the rooms themselves and their furniture. For instance, in the centre of the Murillo room there is an immense vase of lapis lazuli, on each side of which there are long tables of the same stone on gilt foundations, and great alternating candelabra, perhaps of jasper, standing on the floor. Around the sides of the room are artistic chairs of gilt, cushioned with crimson. Ruben's picture of his wife, with which you are no doubt familiar, is a lovely picture. She wears a black hat the shape of his "chapeau de paille" with a little band of mauve ribbon. The gown is black with white muslin sleeves, and some mauve bows. The hands are lovely, crossed at the waist. He has many pictures of his wives, but it seems to me that this one is the prettiest of all. The Van Dycks are beautiful. There are a good many of them.

I was interested to see the people who were looking at the pictures; they were of all ranks and ages,—not a crowd, but a great many moujiks, peasant women with hand-

kerchiefs over their heads, officers, and gentle people. All museums and picture galleries, parks, gardens, libraries and other institutions are open to the peasant—churches above all. In some churches there are canopied places where the Emperor and Empress stand, but even they have not the luxury of chairs. In many ways this most autocratic country is very democratic.

We gave a dancing party last week. Your father and I thought our house too small, but the girls could not be content not to have one. It involved a great deal of contriving, but it came out all right. I was unprepared to hear that the dancers enjoyed it more than any other dance of the winter; it was "so gay" and "the favors were so pretty." We bought them in Paris, and had lots of them. The most unsatisfactory feature of it was that our cook took the opportunity to cheat us horribly.

*May 5th, 1887.*

Spring has really come, this is the 23rd of April according to the Russian style. The grass looks green in places, and the buds

have made their appearance on many plants. I hear there are anemones and other flowers in the woods. We have had two or three days of weather too warm for comfort; that is, with winter clothing, which one dares not yet leave off. In about a month the town will be deserted by society. Some people go to their estates three or four days journey, or even more, from here. I fancy that country life is not gay in Russia. A great many Russians go to Germany and France.

I went with the girls the other day to what, I suppose, will be the last ball of the season. It was at a house belonging to M. Rhodocànaki, a Greek. As we entered the house, we went up a short flight of stairs, where were some rooms in which we afterwards had supper. In the hall we took off our wraps, and went up two flights of stairs to the ball room and salons at the top of the house. On a floor between is a large and handsome picture gallery. We arrived at half-past eleven, and were, we found, rather early. In one room there was a large round tea table with tea, cakes, bonbons, etc. Two servants stood by the tea urn, and

poured tea for those who wanted it. Little groups, from time to time, came and sat down. In the salon opening out of this was a buffet with various wines and drinks, cakes, fruits, etc. Three salons opened out of the ball room (which, by the way, was too small), with large doors. At about three o'clock we all went down two flights of stairs to the first floor where supper was served in courses. There was a perfect army of servants in liveries.

We went recently to a handsome dinner at the Nétchaieffs', two maiden ladies and a bachelor brother. They had a large fortune left them late in life; are a little peculiar, but very hospitable. They have a handsome house in which the finest thing is a great winter garden opening out of two large salons. There are also windows into it from some rooms above. We went upstairs on entering, where were the ball room and several fine salons. When dinner was announced, the band of the Gardes à Cheval played a march, and it played throughout the dinner. There were thirty-six people at table, and a quadruple service. The din-

ner was in the ball room, and was most beautifully served. The plum puddings, of which there were four, were enormous and were served in great silver basins, with so much burning brandy, I thought, people would be set on fire. I think it was a delicate compliment to us, as it seems to be thought an American dish. Mlle. Nétchaieff asked me what was our national dish, and I thought that, if I should say codfish balls or baked beans, I would lower the dignity of my country, so I gave an evasive answer, remarking on our wonderful oysters. We had the Turkish march for the benefit of the Turkish ambassador, and afterwards the American march. It seems the band had sat up half the night to learn it out of compliment to us, but alas! none of us had ever heard the march before; and, to tell the truth, it was not worth hearing. Then they played "Yankee Doodle," which delighted us all so much, they played it again. After dinner we went down to the conservatory for coffee, etc.; and the orchestra played "*Yonge Dawdle*" once more; then they gave us the splendid national hymn of Russia,

all standing, and thereafter "God save the King" (which, it seems, is also the Prussian national air) for the benefit of Col. Villeneuve, the German whom the Tsar is said to have killed more than once; but he is a very lively man for a dead one. I was asked what was our national air, and I confess I did not know whether to say "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner" or what. Think of it, a country with no national dish, and no national air, or, if it has, an American too ignorant to know them!

*June 17th, 1887.*

I have been in bed nearly a week with a severe cold, taken when coming from Moscow. It seems strange that while it was cold here, it was very hot there. Even yet, fires are very pleasant; we have had much rain, and a long "spell" of unpleasant weather. I fancy it has been the cause of the asthma that has troubled me considerably of late. I think our last decision is to leave here July 12th, and go by sea to Lübeck, and from there directly to Switzerland. Your father thinks St. Moritz may



be too cold, so the doctor proposed Divonne, near Geneva.

Moscow is a very religious city, and very dirty. There is great magnificence in the churches, and great treasures piled up in them; also hosts of beggars. The six or seven hundred churches are very imposing with their domes of various colors and gold. It is the holy city of Russia to which great numbers of people make pilgrimages.

There is a monastery which is especially holy, thirty or forty miles from the city—perhaps not quite so far—to which the pilgrims go. The late Empress, who was in very delicate health, made a pilgrimage there; that is, she walked the whole way. She walked a mile or less each day, finding a gorgeous tent ready for her when she had accomplished her day's journey. I fancy she did not suffer many hardships doing her religious duty.

*July 8th, 1887.*

I wish you could see Tsarskoe Selo; it is really beautiful. The great Catherine was very magnificent in her ideas. There is a

fine building in the park, called the Hermitage. The design is that of an oblong building with a square room at each corner and short corridors leading to them. The rooms are all gilded and adorned with mirrors, paintings, etc. In the centre of the large room is a great table that descends to be cleared, and is raised again. In each corner of the room are smaller tables, one for three, one for four, one for five, and one for six persons. In the corners of these tables are small slates about the size of a dinner plate with a rim of black marble. In the rim is a groove for a pencil. When one wanted anything, in Catherine's time, he wrote for it and rang a bell. The message went down and the thing was sent up. The centres of the tables also went down. These arrangements were made so that, at her dinners with her intimate friends, there should be no servants to see or hear anything. There is also a sort of bay window that could be lowered, although there is no indication of it. The contrivances have not been used for many years, and will, prob-

ably, never be again, yet they are kept in perfect order.

We go Tuesday evening by sea to Stockholm, a journey of forty-eight hours, then to Copenhagen, and then by way of Hamburg or Amsterdam, to Switzerland.

STOCKHOLM, *July 17th, 1887.*

We left St. Petersburg on Tuesday evening, very much hurried at the last. At the boat we found several friends to say good-by, and many beautiful flowers. I was very much touched by the expressions of kindness we received. The next day, at noon, we reached Helsingfors in Finland, and saw on the wharf M. and Madame Macédo, the Brazilian minister and his wife, also Prince Bagration and his two sisters, who are spending a few weeks there. The day was warm and delightful, and we took droshkies and went to a beautiful place, a little out of town, where we had luncheon on a verandah from which was a charming view. The Prince came in the last droshky, and brought a fine watermelon and lots of

bananas, which last are very rare here. I think I have seen bananas but twice; and they were not good. After luncheon we drove about the town to Princess Bagration's villa, where we had wild strawberries, cream, tea, coffee, etc. Then, strolling through the park, we went to the boat, the Prince coming last with four beautiful bouquets for us. We should have reached Stockholm Thursday evening at seven o'clock, but on Wednesday evening a fog came up, and we had to lie at anchor twelve hours, so we did not arrive here until Friday morning. Three or four hours after leaving Helsingfors, we threaded through what seemed to me to be hundreds of islands, some only of rock, but most of them wooded; very few, however, with signs of habitation. Then we came into the open sea. About three hours before reaching here we went through groups of islands again, the channel, like the other, being tortuous and narrow. The islands are covered with trees, summer residences, forts, etc. Certainly the approach to the city is charming. Stockholm is built, I think, on nine

islands, and is clean and attractive. We went sightseeing in the morning, and afterwards dined with Mr. Magee, the minister. Your father and the girls have just driven off with the Macédos for an excursion to Lake Malar, to see the queen's summer palace, but I was too tired to go. We leave to-night for Copenhagen, going sixteen hours of our journey by rail. Traveling is very tiring, but the change is good for us. If we stay another winter, we shall have to go to Paris or London for clothes, a dreadful undertaking! I should think all the people of Stockholm had gone off in excursion boats this morning; so many have left, from the front of our hotel, loaded with passengers.

HAMBURG, *July 21st, 1887.*

I wrote you a few words Sunday from Stockholm. We left there about seven o'clock for Copenhagen, and were so fortunate as to get rooms in a railway carriage where there were no other persons. The country is really beautiful with pretty lakes and cultivated fields, large farm houses and

barns (nearly all painted red), and rocks and hills. The people are nice and clean looking. I hardly see why so many Swedes emigrate to America. At Malmö we took a boat for Copenhagen. The signs were so much like English we could read many of them, but we thought they did not know how to spell. We drove to Deerpark, about six miles from town, where are many deer, and the most magnificent trees—beeches and oaks—I have ever seen. It seems to me that I never saw so many fine trees, so many vines, so much "greenery," such numbers of out-of-door places of resort! The roses were in bloom, and there were quantities of beautiful ones. The syringa, which grows twice as high as with us, was in bloom. The consul said that next month, summer would be over. You have no idea how peoples of the north love to be in the open air. It seems as if the whole population manages to go into the country, or to some garden, or place, where there is something green. I am sure that we could well take a lesson from these peoples. You will see (in Russia for instance) rooms out of doors for din-

ing, perhaps a corner room, with glass sashes that can be opened, or a sitting room on a corner that seems, at first, to have no sides as the windows are all raised. Madame Schweinitz has a country house this year, a very large and handsome one, where the living rooms, that is the drawing and sitting rooms, are in the third story, and are arranged in this manner.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN,

*July 25th, 1887.*

Instead of sightseeing, we are sitting about idly in our rooms trying to keep cool. We left Hamburg at night on Friday and had a most uncomfortable journey. We were jolted, shaken, hammered, jerked, grilled by the heat, and choked with the dust! We waited in Cologne an hour, then we took the train to Coblenz, then a steamer for Mayence. The day was perfect, and we had a pleasant trip up the Rhine. I was glad to see it again and to renew my impressions. We reached here late in the evening, in time to get our rooms, and tumble into bed just before midnight. We drove through

the town yesterday, and were left at the Palm Garden. It is curious to see the crowd of persons who congregate to drink beer, listen to the music and walk and talk.

VEVAY, *July 27th, 1887.*

We left Frankfort yesterday morning at seven o'clock and did not reach this place until after eleven at night. We had written to engage rooms for to-day, thinking we would stop by the way. But the evening was so cool, we thought it would be more pleasant to keep right on. When we reached the station, it was deserted, no carriages, no porters, nobody but some runners for a little hotel near the station, to which they insisted we should go. Finally an old man appeared, who got a hand cart and took our light things to our destination. It was dark, no one was abroad, and we did not know where we were going. I thought it most discouraging. However we trudged on, but when we got to the Grand Hotel all was dark as every one had gone to bed but the watchman. However, we got some water, something to eat, and some excellent



beds, which we enjoyed like the man Dickens tells of, taking more sleep out of them than we should pay for.

ST. PETERSBURG, *Oct. 30th, 1887.*

We like our new house more and more, it is very pleasant. The large ball room is used by the girls for battledore and shuttlecock, and for walking and dancing for exercise. It is useful also for giving us more space and air; the rooms in our first house were so small and low they were not wholesome. I think the people here would like to have the Emperor and Empress return, but I fancy they are quite content to stay where they are; they are so fond of the Empress' family. I suppose we cannot understand the relief they must feel to escape from the ceremony and state that surround them. A few weeks ago, I am told, the King of Denmark asked the Tsar to go to a grand military review, but he refused, saying he had too many reviews at home: so, together with his eldest daughter and a daughter of the Prince of Wales, he took the train, like any ordinary mortal, and went into Copenhagen.

They went to a hotel and lunched, and then out shopping, taking a cab or carriage in the street. They arrived at the station just in time to see the train leave. The Emperor had to send for the station master and have another train. It is difficult to imagine a life like his; he is really absolute master and autocrat of one-sixth of the world. If he does not always exercise this power, he has it nevertheless. There is no one to contradict him, and nothing to oppose his will. His favor is everything; to lose it is disgrace. I do not think he would go about the streets the way his father did if there were no danger, for he is a shy man, not caring for show or society. He likes simple pleasures. Many of his subjects would prefer to have him spend more money, and make his capital gayer. It is said that he is the first of the Russian Emperors who has led a happy domestic life. The Emperor and Empress have certainly set good examples to their subjects!

I am often struck by customs here. For instance, young boys are never permitted to go out into the streets alone. When they

are old enough to put on their first uniform (which may be as early as twelve or thirteen years), they are allowed to go on the streets unattended. Then, if they do anything unbecoming to their uniform, they are reported to their proper officers. Count Tolstoy speaks somewhere in his writings of going out without thinking, and afterwards reflecting that he was in the street alone for the first time, although he was sixteen years old. Of course girls are never allowed out alone until they are married, or so old they are no longer girls.<sup>1</sup>

Our Doctor Reyer, a great surgeon, went to the medical congress in Washington, and was entirely captivated and charmed with America. I saw in the *Journal de Saint Pétersbourg* an extract from *Le Bulletin Médical* giving an account of a supper given to the doctors. It said that the Americans made a rush at the table, seized the good things, knocked the ornamental pieces

<sup>1</sup> The custom in regard to this matter has changed very much of late; both boys and girls are freer. Many school-girls are unaccompanied to their schools and back again. It is a strong indication of the progress of democratic feeling.

apart, sat on the floor, and emulated one another in tearing and devouring the food. This is asserted to be no exaggeration. I shall, (in fun), accuse Dr. Reyer of writing this account. I wonder whether in the wildest and roughest places in the far South West, among the most uncultured of our people, such things could happen?

*Jan. 13th, 1888.*

With the exception of a little drive I took the other day, I have not been out of the house for seven weeks; I took cold. My doctor is discouraging; he says he will not say I must not go out again this winter, that is to a theatre or a ball, or to make calls, but that it would be better for me if I should not. This is sad, for I cannot bear to have the girls give up the pleasures, of what is, probably, their last winter here, and it will be hard for your father to be obliged to go. Still we now have friends who say they will be glad to take them. While I was, as I supposed, sure to be well, we sent out invitations for three receptions. They did not tire me; sometimes, I thought, the excite-

ment made me feel better. Perhaps you may be interested to have me describe how things are done. And first I will have to give you an idea of the upper story of our new house, the third we have had since coming to St. Petersburg. The ball room fronts on the street and has five great windows, the two end ones having balconies. The doors in the house are all large and double, the windows are large, the ceilings are high, and the rooms are in beautiful proportion. At one end of the ball room there is an arched alcove about ten or twelve feet deep. It makes a good place in which the "mammias" can sit. There is also a small door which leads down stairs, for the musicians or actors, and what is equally as important, giving me a private way to my room. In the main hall is what appears to be a great window, but it is a mirror and multiplies the lights, etc. There are two great chandeliers in the ball room, a great many side candelabra and beautiful vases with many candles on consoles at each end. Nearly all the five hundred candles in the house are required in

the ball room. The floor is splendid for dancing, and the music sounds well. The hall is square, and opens up to a skylight. The dining room, a handsome room, is forty-five feet long. The drawing room, which is square, is very much ornamented. There are panels in the wall, filled with dark olive brocade, and chairs and sofas of a lighter green. It has three large windows on the south side and a fire place. The blue salon is our sitting room, and has an open fire. We had a buffet in the blue salon with all kinds of drinks, also with sandwiches, bonbons, cakes, fruits, compotes, etc. This was open throughout the evening; and, after the dances, the dancers rushed out, and the little panes in the ball room windows were opened to cool it. We had also a round tea table in this room throughout the evening, and also a larger one in the drawing room with sandwiches, fruit, cakes and bonbons. At first A. sat at this larger table and made tea. The people, as they come in, and throughout the evening, sitting down to talk and to drink tea, etc. It is a most

sociable and nice arrangement. At half past one o'clock the mazurka began, and all the older people who did not dance it, went down to supper in the dining room, where there was a long table and several small ones. After they had finished, it was put in order, and the dancers went down in their turn. After this, many left, but many also stayed for the cotillion, which lasted until about half past four. So many people asked leave to bring their friends, and for invitations, that the last receptions were larger than we had intended. I was relieved when they were over, for, having one each week, kept the house stirred up.

When we had the last of our dances, to our astonishment, a reporter appeared. I did not suppose there was one in Russia. He asked if he might look about during the evening, saying he had done so at the receptions of the French and English ambassadors, etc. If we had been at home in the United States, we should have said no, but your father said "yes," and it seems he did the proper thing. As we could not read one word of the report we had it trans-

lated, and I was about to make a copy to send to you, when it occurred to your father to have it struck off by a printer, as it would be easier. We waited until we thought it must have been overlooked; then we sent, and found that it had been submitted to the censor. I do not know how long he will keep it, but when we get it I will send a copy to you. My fastidious daughters beg me not to do so; but I think you will like to see what a Russian Jenkins has to say.

Translated from the St. Petersburg *Novosti* (News), 1st January, 1888.

"At the third ball, or rather *soirée-dansante*, given yesterday, the 30 December at the hospitable house of the American minister, all the *haut-ton* of St. Petersburg was assembled. The guests began to arrive somewhat later than the hour for which they were invited, but by eleven o'clock, the magnificent salons and halls, decorated with rare gobelin tapestry, were already crowded with the fashionable society and the diplomatic corps. The





GEORGE VAN NESS LOTHROP.



guests were kindly received by the American minister at the Russian court, Mr. Lothrop and his wife.

Tea was served in the grand salon, which was decorated with great taste. Another tea-table and buffet, with fruit, confectionery, refreshments and champagne, was placed in a side room. Elegance reigned everywhere, and the hospitality of the host could be seen at every step.

Supper was served in the dining room on the first floor of the minister's hotel. Card tables were laid out in the adjoining room, the minister's library.

The majority of the guests, including the diplomatic corps, seemed to prefer remaining in the grand salon on the *bel-étage*; while the young people formed a group in the ball room.

Among the guests could be seen Mrs. Richter and daughters, wife of the Director of the Imperial Household, Adjutant-General Richter; Adjutant-General Count N. P. Ignatiew with his wife and two daughters. Aide of the Director of the Imperial Household, Adjutant-General Voyekow and

son; Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Imperial Court, Prince A. S. Dolgorouky and daughter; Second Grand Master of Ceremonies, His Highness Prince N. I. Saltikow, Princess Saltikow; M. I. Miatlew; T. P. Miatlew; the manager of Ceremonies B. V. Sturmer; Col. I. A. Zéliomy; M. B. Miatlew, Countess Moussin-Pouchkin; Countess Cassini; Miss Albédinsky, Count Loris-Mélikow; Madame Timaschew, Countess Kreutz, Col. Adlerberg and wife; V. A. Koniar and wife; Count Tolstoy; Mr. Svietchin; Prince Mestchersky; Prince Ouroussoff; The Misses Scherémétiew; Messrs. Stakovitch, Stoly-pin, Krebel, Ebellin; Messrs. Mouraview, Vassiltchikow, and many other representatives of St. Petersburg choicest society. From the diplomatic corps, the French Ambassador at the Russian Court, M. de Laboulaye and daughter; Count Greppi, Danish Minister; General Kioer and daughters; the Bavarian Minister, Baron Gasser and wife; the Persian Minister, Mirza Mahmoud-Khan; the Japanese Minister, Mr. Nissi and wife; the Brazilian

Minister, Teixeira de Macédo; Minister of Sweden, Mr. Due; the Minister of Greece, Prince Mavrokordato and daughter; the Minister of Wurtemberg, Count Linden; the German Military attaché, Count Yorck von Vartenberg, and many Counsellors of the Embassies, Secretaries of the Legations, etc., etc., etc. During the evening almost nearly all the languages of Europe were spoken; French and English prevailed. In the salon the guests were met by Miss L., the elder daughter of the Minister. The young hostess was dressed in a charming toilette of sea-water color, which showed itself through the light tulle trimming. The second daughter of the Minister, Miss H. L. had a dress similar to that of her elder sister, and did the honors of the house to the guests in the grand salon. . . .

"The most elegant toilettes were those worn by Princess Dolgorouky, Miss Richter, Countess Ignatiew, Mrs. T. P. Miatlew, the Misses Timaschew, and Mrs. Koniar whose dress was made of turquoise blue Japanese crêpe de Chine and olive-color pluche material (*frappé*).

"Supper began at twelve o'clock, the supper room was filled all the night by different groups who succeeded each other. The first guests had hardly taken their seats at the table when Mr. Lothrop entered the dining room at the head of a second group.

"After the mazurka, the dances ended with a cotillion, after which the young people, in their turn, went to supper; after supper the dancing was renewed with great spirit. In a word the entire evening was a grand success and nothing could have been in better taste. The departure of the guests did not take place until five o'clock in the morning."

*March 7th, 1888.*

Our cold weather still continues, and it seems as if the whole of Europe is covered with snow. We have been three days without any mail, some one said five days, but I am sure it is only three. The mercury is so in the habit of going down below zero, it makes no effort to do so.

*March 11th, 1888.*

I go out so seldom I have little to say that is interesting. The cold weather still continues; yesterday at ten in the morning it was seven below zero. The day before yesterday, came the news of the death of the German Emperor;<sup>1</sup> it made a great sensation. It was the birthday of the Emperor of Russia, and the city was gay with flags, but there was no music after the news came, and the theaters were closed for three days. Mourning was ordered for the court for four weeks, and the court ball, which was to have been to-night, was countermanded. This is Carnival week, as next Thursday night at twelve o'clock Lent will begin. It is a week generally given up to festivity, but now it will be quiet except for the lower classes. I see the town is full of the little Finnish sledges shaped like boats. Thousands of them come this week, each sledge having a triumph of patch work for a rug, and they take passengers about, cheaper than the droschkies. People feel sad about the affliction of the German nation; the

<sup>1</sup> William I.

health of the new Emperor is so bad, I hear many predict he will not live to reach Berlin.

It is the custom in Petersburg in the diplomatic corps, and among people of high rank, to go to an ambassador, or minister, to condole with him whenever there is a national affliction. The Emperor, Empress, and in fact all the imperial family, as well as the ambassadors, ministers and high officials went to call on Gen. von Schweinitz, the German Ambassador. He told your father that his father-in-law, Mr. Jay of New York, sent him a telegram of condolence the day the Emperor died, and that he must have heard the news before he did.

The girls and I were invited this afternoon to Countess Kreutz, a very pleasant house. It was a children's dance beginning at two o'clock; we left about six. There were a few young ladies and gentlemen (many not yet out in society), and some young children of twelve and ten years and possibly some a little younger. Nearly all the youths were in the uniform of pages;



some will be officers in a year. It was very gay; the children had beautiful manners, and I was much interested. Some people at home might think it was not a good way to spend Sunday afternoon, but I am sure that it never entered the head of any one here that it was not the best thing that they could do. I must confess I was not as shocked as I ought to have been.

*March 15th, 1888.*

Just as I was about to begin my letter I saw a novel spectacle. There passed some carriages, perhaps twelve in number, each with four white horses, then as many with black horses; every carriage with a postilion, coachman and footman in the imperial livery. At the end of the procession I saw some one on horseback in uniform, then six mounted footmen (a contradiction of terms) in livery. There were also mounted soldiers here and there along the line. I do not know what came in front of the carriages as I did not see the head of the procession.

Beyond us is a great school for young

ladies,—large grounds, church, etc., maintained by the Emperor. In the summer he has a home for them in Peterhof; I think their support is entirely gratuitous; they all belong to the nobility, and are daughters of people who have become impoverished. They are taught all the accomplishments,—to sing, play, dance, etc., and have studies as well in every branch of knowledge.

This week is the last of the Carnival, next Monday being the first of lent, and the out-of-door amusements and theaters are in full blast on the Champ de Mars. These carriages are sent for the young ladies and their teachers to take them to one of the theaters, and to see the sights. There are other schools the scholars of which are taken in the same way. I often hear that the Emperor has ordered a play, or a ballet, for the children of some school for Sunday afternoon; and that afterwards boxes of bonbons are distributed. I believe poor children are taken to these last schools and educated, and, if they show any particular talent for painting, singing, dancing, acting, etc., they are educated to the extent of their

ability. Their services, I am told, belong for a while to the State. Many of them are trained for the ballet, as they give much attention to the ballet, at St. Petersburg, which is said to be the best in the world.

There are also a great number of charitable institutions in the town, hospitals, asylums, etc., yet I hear there is much suffering that goes unrelieved. The hospitals in particular are enormous. I am sure they are needed, for the poor live in such small, crowded rooms, they cannot have proper care at home. The Emperor and Empress often visit the schools and the charitable institutions, going when they are least expected.

The interesting topic of the day is the death of the old German Emperor, and the critical condition of his heir. If the Emperor Frederick could only be restored to health it would be a good thing for the world; but I fear there is no hope of that. To-morrow there will be a mortuary service at the German Church at the same hour as that of the funeral in Berlin. The Emperor, Empress, and all the imperial fam-

ily, the people of the court, the diplomatic corps, etc. will be there,—all in black. The court will be in mourning for four weeks. You know how nearly related the Russian imperial family is to the German imperial family. All the grand duchesses are Germans! As far as I can find out, people here, below the imperial family, detest the Germans. Some one said he thought, if there should be a war, the Germans would be slaughtered in the streets. I suppose there are as many as 100,000 Germans living in St. Petersburg, possibly more than that. Now, if I had not seen the procession, you would have been spared all this. Perhaps you do not exactly see the connection, but that is your lookout and not mine.

To-morrow night we have a dinner of fourteen, the men nearly all officers. When they go down to dinner they take off their long swords, as they do before dancing,—possibly when they go to bed. They always wear their uniform, and always wear sharp spurs. They are very agreeable, have charming manners, and dance well. Can-

dor compels me to say we only know the officers of the guard regiments, who are all nobles, and must have incomes of their own, as their pay would not support them. I suppose the other officers are well bred and agreeable; still the best, I am told, are in the Guards.

I fear I cannot go to the funeral service of the German Emperor to-morrow, for I heard to-night that I should be obliged to wear a long cloth dress, and a long crape veil, neither of which I have. The women are all in deep black, the men in brilliant uniforms, with all their finest orders and decorations. "Our" Emperor will probably wear a German uniform, and his brothers will also, I suppose.

*March 25th, 1888.*

H. is ill with fever; there is a great deal of it here, and they call it typhus, but it is not as serious as you would suppose from the name. The doctor wished us to have a Sister of Charity, and one came last night. She is a stout comfortable-looking woman, wears a brown dress, a small mob cap, a

big alpaca apron, and a cross at her neck with a green ribbon.

We have been having a thaw, not enough to take off the snow, nor to weaken the ice on the river, but the sun is warm, and has melted the snow where it shines. They are carting the snow off the streets, partly, I suppose, to prevent too sudden a rise in the river.

People are much more particular here than they are with us to inquire after the sick and to go to funerals. They call at once when there is a death in a family, and they are generally received. There are prayers at the house, every morning and evening, to which the friends go, and they always go to the funeral, and call afterwards, and, on all these occasions, they are dressed in mourning. Indeed for some time afterwards they wear mourning to make calls on the bereaved family. Then at intervals, certainly during a year's time, there are services in church which friends and acquaintances attend in black. Now, for the Emperor, nearly every one we know wears black. If the Emperor of

Russia were to die, all the people in any way connected with the court, and, I think, many others, would wear deep mourning for six months.

At the service for the German Emperor, the Empress and the grand duchesses wore long cloth gowns and long crape veils. They wore also the ribbon of some order, the Empress that (I think) of St. Andrew, a broad blue ribbon, going from the right shoulder to the waist, under the left arm. They all wore their decorations, so their bodices must have been gay with color and jewels. The men were in their most brilliant uniforms, with their orders and decorations, but with crape on the sword hilt, on the arm, and over the epaulettes. Although at times you must wear mourning, at other times it is very bad to wear it, as for instance on a birthday fête, or a name's day. To appear in black at such times would be an omen of misfortune.

*May 6th, 1888.*

This is Easter, and it is the greatest day in the calender in holy Russia. We did

not go to the midnight service as we had attended one last year. I had dropped asleep before twelve o'clock, and was wakened by the firing of cannon in succession. I was so sleepy I thought there must be a terrible inundation as the guns were fired with great rapidity. I had forgotten it was Easter. The flags are flying all over the city, which is very gay. People send presents to their friends with felicitations, and make visits dressed in light colors, the officers with all their decorations. Everywhere, I suppose, they had a feast at three or four o'clock in the morning, at which they made amends for their long fast. We had one for the servants, for the cook asked permission, and I said yes. We know nothing of our servants' doings except to pay the bills. I shall be glad to escape from them. In some ways housekeeping is pleasant in Petersburg, in others, not as satisfactory as at home.

*July 29th, 1888.*

We reached here on Sunday about 8.30 p. m., having left London about 7:30 Fri-



day morning. It is rather a fatiguing journey, although the Russian cars are comfortable. We came to our house, as it is better than being at a hotel, as you can pack more conveniently; still we shall have to leave soon, as, when our beds, etc. are packed, we cannot stay. We expect to leave Petersburg about the 11th of August, as our ship, the *Trave*, is to sail on the 15th. We thought we were too late to see anything of the festivities for the German Emperor, William II, but we saw the ceremonies of the last day. A party of us went to Cronstadt where we found the steam launch of the United States corvette *Enterprise*, waiting to take us off to the ship. Commander McCalla received us, and when the American minister appeared, the guard was drawn up and presented arms. The Captain apologized for not firing a salute in his honor, but it seems the *Enterprise* is not a saluting ship. Then we were taken down past the German fleet and back, close to the Russian ships. The great ships lay in lines with a broad avenue of water between. The Hohenzollern, the Tsar's

yacht, the Asia, (the Admiral's ship), and the Enterprise, were a mile or so away from them,—I never can judge distances at sea. The ships were dressed with innumerable flags, and there were many small boats in the harbor, taking people about. We heard bands playing, and also much cheering; it was a gay scene, and the day was perfect. As we sailed by, the German ships fired, in turn, a salute of 21 guns. This was a salute to the Tsar, who, with the imperial family, had taken leave of their guests and were going off to Peterhof. Then the German ships struck their flags, weighed anchor, and went slowly out to sea. When the Hohenzollern started for home and passed near us, our yards were manned and the guards presented arms. We lunched with Captain McCalla, and went to see the Tsar's large sea-going yacht before returning home, having had a delightful day.

On Friday, being the nine hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia, there was a great ceremony which we saw from the windows of the Foreign Office. In the place in front of